

# Sports Illustrated

JULY 14, 1991 \$5.00 (50¢)

## TO PLAY OR NOT TO PLAY?

O.J. COOLS IT IN HOLLYWOOD





# It's an Old Forester kind of day.

The gleam in their eyes tells the story.  
What's ahead? A toast to happiness with the  
good flavor of a great Kentucky Bourbon.



At \$10.99 per liter  
There's nothing better on the market

Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation  
At Louisville in Kentucky © 1995

# Any nation that's made "two cars in every garage" a national goal should be interested in the Austin America.



The Austin America is made by British Leyland Motors, the people who also make the Jaguar, Rover, Triumph and MG.

We call it the America and we sell it in America because we believe if any country wants and needs a good second car, yours does.

A practical, economical piece of transportation to go next to your "showcase" first car.

That's what the Austin America is. In fact, we feel it's the perfect second car.

To begin with, its \$1899\* price tag includes

a four-speed, fully automatic transmission that can also be shifted manually.

It has front wheel drive, front disc brakes and a fully independent suspension system.

It has its engine mounted crosswise over the front wheels. (For more traction and less of a hood to peer over.)

It's shorter (hence easier to park) than any of its competitors.

Yet, where it's good to be large, it's large.

For instance, it has more back seat leg room than, believe it or not, the Lincoln Continental.

And as far as we know, it has more glass (hence visibility) per square foot of car than any other car on the road.

The Austin America is sold and serviced by more than 575 Austin-MG dealers, in every state of the Union.

Visit one now and see why the other car in your garage should be our car.

Forty-one years later: the fulfillment of a 1928 campaign promise.



**Austin America \$1899. The perfect second car.**  
At Austin-MG dealers.



\*1969 P.D.E. N.Y. ALSO AVAILABLE WITH MANUAL TRANSMISSION \$1795 P.D.E. N.Y. FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY INFORMATION WRITE BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07066



### **What's 7 minutes in your young life?**

**You could discover how to organize your finances. How to put aside an extra \$14,000. And how to make your insurance lapse-proof.**

In less time than it takes for a refreshing dip, a Mutual Benefit man can start you on the road to sound financial planning.

You see, he recognizes life insurance is only one part of it. So he offers you a financial service that goes into other things, too. It covers not only protection but savings, your retirement, a review of all your life insurance. It takes in your benefits under Social Security, including latest changes in the law (and helps you imitate an audit of your account that can avoid a costly error).

Result? A financial program you can live with. And for the Mutual Benefit man? Life insurance is his business. He hopes when you buy, you'll buy from him.

Best part is, it takes only 7 minutes to find out if his financial service is for you. If you're interested, he'll continue. Otherwise he'll leave. When your Mutual Benefit man calls, give him 7 minutes. It could be the turning point of your whole financial future.

**MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE**

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, N.Y. (Mutual) (1984)

# Contents

JULY 14, 1969 Volume 31, No. 2

Cover photograph by Sherry & Loag

## 16 Ready If You Are, O.J.

Still assigned by the Buffalo Bills, O. J. Simpson is alive and doing very well in Hollywood

## 20 Dashing Dolls in Dayton

Some pert faces and promising performances give girls' track and field an attractive new look

## 24 Has Anybody Here Seen Billy?

Live with Billy Casper. Fish with him. Pray with him. Now you know him? Maybe. Maybe not.

## 30 Wizards of the Wild Wheels

John Holman and Ralph Moody give Ford a lift in the marketplace by building stock cars for champions

## 38 Avast, Belay and Pretty Please

A skipper has to be nice to his crew today when everyone owns a boat and there are few to help sail them

## 42 Natural Enemy of Wild Cats

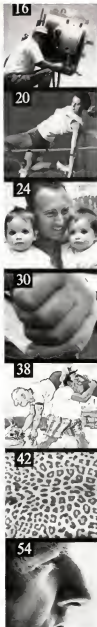
The ladies' love for feline furs is keeping poachers in business and decimating the ranks of the big cats

## 54 The High-Flying Hawk

Ken Harrelson, the drowsiest man in baseball, begins the entertaining story of how he came to be the sonofugan he is

## The departments

- |                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 8 Scorecard       | 66 Baseball's Week |
| 46 Harness Racing | 68 For the Record  |
| 48 Baseball       | 69 19th Hole       |
| 50 Tennis         |                    |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year and by Time Inc., 380 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James A. Linen, President; Richard E. McKeough, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized at second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$10.00 a year. Outside postal regulations in the world \$12.00 a year, all others \$14.00 a year.

Credits on page 68

## Next week

**FIERY BILLY MARTIN** may argue a lot, but few will deny he has ignited the Minnesota Twins. Roy Bount Jr. files his impressions of a baseball original who hates to stand still.

**THE JAVELIN** has long been ignored by many U.S. track fans, but burly Mark Murre of Arizona State, who just gets out there and throws, could break the world record.

**MIKER AND MATCHER** of boxers, managers and money for Madison Square Garden is crafty Teddy Brenner. Jerry Kishenbaum finds that people talk two ways about him.



7341



7150



7499



6479



7496

# Now...you save almost 50% on the hit records you want

Savings are off regular Club price



7540



7463



7245



7982



7460



7959



6415



7115



7966/7967



7273



7669



7563



7541



7347



7226



7411



7342



7501



7438



7239



6905



7596



6742



7340/7341



6550



7560



6703



7345



6313



7225



2150



7051



2081



7029



7378



6876



6095



1210



7082



7028



6996



1057



6915



1037



6141



6903



6994



6606



6588



1093



5584



6592



5561



7045



6897



5788



1645



7347



7117



4302



7227



1001



1001

# FREE!



Keep this best-selling \$7.95 baseball book

(*"The best sports book in recent memory," N.Y. Times Book Review*)

when you accept this offer:

## Inspect The BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA

**FREE** and keep it at direct-from-publisher savings of 20%!

*No Sports Fan Should Be Without "THE BOOK"\**

- 7 times more data than any other baseball book
- Computer-authenticated—required \$1.5 million and over 3½ years of research to produce
- Over 2,300 pages—more than 1,300,000 facts
- Complete records of 10,480 major league players
- Batting average, home runs and 15 other entries for every batter, for every season
- Wins, losses, and 16 other entries for every pitcher, for every season
- Records on every World Series and All-Star Game
- Corrects hundreds of long-standing errors
- Makes old-timer vs. present-day player comparisons possible

WE'RE celebrating the 100th anniversary of baseball two ways. First, by publishing baseball's first computer-accurate record book—**THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA**. It's the most complete (and now the only) official record book there is. And second, by offering it to you with *The Glory of Their Times* at an amazing saving of \$13.00!

THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA is the ultimate answer book. It has 7 times more answers than any other baseball reference... over 1,300,000 answers in all. It has answers that never existed before.

**Relief Pitching Records.** Don't just wonder whether Johnny Murphy has a better relief record than Hoyt Wilhelm. Look it up. For the first time, Wins and Losses in relief, and all responses. "Saves," have been figured out. And not just for modern pitchers but for old timers like Walter Johnson and Herb Pennock, too.

**Pinch Hitting Records.** Would you pinch hit Williams, Mize or Mavris if you had your choice? Look up their pinch hit records in THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA where they've been figured out for the very first time.

Now you can compare center fielders like Tris Speaker and Mickey Vernon for RBIs. Pitchers like Bob Feller and Kube Waddell for Earned Run Sluggers like Ty Cobb and Willie McCovey for bases on balls. THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA presents the first accurate and complete records on old timers.

Find the height and weight of every player. How he batted and threw. Where he was born. When. The seasons he missed due to injury or military service.

dozens of reference volumes I must use, this one will certainly be used most frequently."

Yes, every sports writer will have one on his desk, and every baseball broadcaster will have one in his booth.

First of all, it's official! It carries the seals of the American and National Leagues. What's more, any record book that disagrees with it is no longer official.

Every fact and figure in THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA has been researched by experts and checked, cross-checked and collated by computer. Official Scorers' tally sheets were checked. Old newspaper accounts were studied. Historical society archives were combed. And all for one purpose: to gather under one cover every single baseball statistic you might possibly want to look up.

**Want to recall the regular lineup of your favorite team?** You can look it up for last year or for any year since the game began. And you'll find each player's performance record, key substitutions, pitching staff, and team record for the entire season.

**Trying to remember the sequence of plays in an old World Series game?** An early All-Star Game lineup? Bill McKechnie's record as a manager? The year the sacrifice fly was recognized? What happened to the old Philadelphia Athletics? You could look it all up.



"In baseball, they call this  
**"THE BOOK."**

ONLY OFFICIAL  
RECORD BOOK OF  
AMERICAN AND  
NATIONAL LEAGUES

**Know Your Baseball Like an Expert**

THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA is professional in every sense. Complete. Accurate. Thorough.

If baseball is your pleasure, you'll love this book! You'll want it at your fingertips, not only to answer questions as they arise, but to browse through for the sheer pleasure of the memories it evokes.

**This Ad Saves You \$13.00**

The list price of THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA is \$25.00. But you may buy it at direct-from-publisher savings of over 20%. And, in addition, you get a famous baseball book, *The Glory of Their Times*, that lists for \$7.95—**ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

You save \$13.00!

**FREE 10-Day Inspection**

But you don't pay a cent till you're sure the books are exactly what you want. Just mail the coupon and we'll send them to you for a **FREE 10-day inspection**. Then, if you're delighted, all you pay is \$19.95 plus shipping. You may pay in four monthly installments with **NO INTEREST** and **NO CARRYING CHARGES** added. If you're not satisfied, however, simply return the books and owe us nothing.

Mail it today. If baseball's your sport, "The Book" will be your book.

**MAIL TODAY — SAVE \$13.00!**

# FREE

This \$7.95 baseball bestseller, **THE GLORY OF THEIR TIMES**, is sent as a gift when you order **THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA** through this offer.

The *N.Y. Times* calls it "The best sports book in recent memory." Hundreds of photographs, some from players' personal albums, many never published before. Recalls the days of Cobb, Ruth, Johnson, McGraw—in old times' personal reminiscences. "The most fascinating baseball book ever published."

—*Indianapolis Star*

"... clears a path through the jungle of conflicting records."

LEE ALLEN

*Late Hutcheson, Baseball Hall of Fame*

"... best baseball reference I've ever seen."

JACKIE ROBINSON

*Former Brooklyn Dodger*

—*Member, Hall of Fame*

"... tags all the game's bones."

TED SMITH

*General Sports Editor, Associated Press*

**"In Baseball, They Call It 'THE BOOK'"**

As soon as sports writers and baseball pros saw advance copies of THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA, they called it "The Book." Leonard Koppett of the *N.Y. Times*, author of *The Thinking Man's Guide to Baseball*, says: "Among the

THE MACMILLAN CO. 605 2d, P.O. Box 99, New York, N.Y. 10002		EE-4
Let me look over THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA in the handsome slipcase (library edition) and The Glory of Their Times FREE. If delighted, I will pay \$19.95 plus shipping for THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA in four equal monthly payments with NO INTEREST and NO SERVICE CHARGES added. And The Glory of Their Times is mine to KEEP AS A GIFT! If I am not satisfied, I will return both books in 10 days and owe you nothing.		
Print Name _____		
Address _____		
City _____		
State _____ Zip _____		
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>SAVE SHIPPING CHARGES.</b> Check here and remit just \$19.95 now. You have same 10-day return privilege with full refund guaranteed.		
STAMP		

# The Eastman Dillon senior analyst meets more airline stewardesses than anybody.

The Eastman Dillon senior analyst knows that no matter how much information he gathers in New York about a given corporation, there's still more information to be found in other areas.

So he flies a lot, all over the country. He wants to be nose-to-nose with the people who know what's going on in the corporation he's analyzing.

It's only after probing many sources of pertinent information from corporate presidents, marketing vp's, even retail distributors, that he's ready to make his case for or against a given stock.

If you have an Eastman Dillon broker, chances are he's been nose-to-nose with a senior analyst soaking up the facts before he hits you with a creative idea about an investment.



**Eastman Dillon helps men with money invest intelligently.**

Eastman Dillon, Dillon Securities & Co.  
Members New York Stock Exchange □ One Chase Manhattan Plaza New York, N.Y. 10005





7460



7114



5302

6 records must be in



2431



7560/7581

3 records must be in

AND HERE ARE YOUR SAVINGS IN ADVANCE:

# ANY 12 HIT RECORDS \$3.98

FOR ONLY

If you join the Club now and agree to purchase a record a month during the coming ten months (you will have up to 300 records a month to choose from)



7358



7503



7084



7433/7434



7518

Plus  
**FREE RADIO**



7637



7389



7320



7806



7667



7245



7188



7561



7172



7448



7095



7374



6564



7356



6598



7372



6366



7334



6340



7272



2639



6825

HEAPER THAN A DISCOUNT HOUSE — MORE CONVENIENT THAN A STORE!

**JUST THINK OF IT!** Now you can get ANY 12 hit records shown here — all 12 for less at the price of one! That's right — if you join a Columbia Record Club now, you may have ANY 12 of these records for only \$3.98! That's more, we'll even give you the attractive transistor radio shown above as a free gift! All you have to do is agree to buy a record a month during the coming ten months.

In short, within ten months you'll have a sizable library of 12 records — but you'll have paid for just half of them... that's practically 50% saving off regular Club prices — and you get a free radio besides! Without doubt, a Club offers you the "best buy" in records anywhere!

**SEE MUSIC MAGAZINE.** You'll have no problem in selecting a record a month during your membership, because each monthly issue contains up to 300 different records to choose from... hit albums from every field of music, or scores of different record labels! You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested... or take any of the other records offered — your choice is entirely up to you.

If card has been removed write to "Box 151" at address below for full information.

**COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA 47606**

**Where smart buyers shop for hits!**

**RECORDS SENT ON CREDIT.** Upon enrollment, the Club will open a charge account in your name... you pay for your records only after you have received them — played them — and are enjoying them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of \$4.98 (Classical, occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

**FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN.** As soon as you complete your enrollment agreement, you will automatically become eligible for the Club's bonus plan — which entitles you to one record free for every one you buy. There are no "saving certificates" to accumulate, no delays, no limitations — every time you buy a record, you get another one free! Under this plan you pay as little as \$2.96 a record (including all mailing and handling charges) for all your records.

**SEND NO MONEY — MAIL THE CARD TODAY!** Just write in the numbers of the twelve records you want, for which you will be billed only \$3.98, plus postage and handling. Be sure to indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested! Don't delay — detach and mail the postpaid card today!



2276



6489



6567



3442



7116



5044



5674



7085



3858



5653



7085



3858



# This Little Pickup Went To Baja!



and stormed through the 832 mile junkyard to a solid 4th-in-class finish without opening the tool box!

Over rocks, down arroyos, across lakes of choking silt went the daring Datsun. Torsion bar stabilized front suspension steady, 4-speed stick faultless through thousands of shifts, sturdy 1300cc mill never missing a beat for 36 punishing hours. Even the dual speed wipers did their bit by

making sketchy trail markers easily visible.

Less than half of 240 entrants in the Mexican 1000 made it to La Paz Datsun—including a 4-door Sedan and a 4-wheel drive Patrol—was the only team ever to finish all cars entered.

Be it business or boon-docks, your new Datsun Pickup comes with a lot of things to make your trip safe and enjoyable. Like a roomy, vinyl-

lined cab. Six foot all-steel bed with half-ton capacity. Reliability and an amazing price—just \$1796.\*

Wherever you take your Datsun Pickup, relax. It's been there!

## DATSUN

**THE SOUND MOVER**

# SCORECARD

## WAR CANOES ON THE MOISIE

Atlantic salmon have begun to come into Canada's Moisie River, and they are big ones. With them has come trouble.

The Moisie, which runs southeast from near the Labrador border and empties into the St. Lawrence River east of Sept Iles, is one of the world's great salmon rivers. It attracts hundreds of sports fishermen every year at this time. And the Montagnais Indians, for whom it is a prime resource, have always netted the salmon although, by white man's law, it never has been legal to do so. Until about 10 years ago, when salmon were more plentiful than they are now, fish and game authorities turned their backs on the violations. Then, pushed by conservationists who warned that the stream was in danger of disastrous depletion if unrestricted fishing continued, they began making arrests in 1965. Last week the situation turned ugly. Wardens arrested scores of Indians, who responded by throwing rocks and bottles.

In the thick of the controversy was the famous Moisie Salmon Club, owned by wealthy Americans. It controls a 20-mile stretch, and the Indians, who number about 1,000, have been netting it, as well as other areas, despite police and guards hired by the club. A club official, describing the situation as a "nightmare," said the Indians had prevented guests from fishing their beats. They also chased several guards into the woods and threatened to burn down the club and kill some of the members. They intimidated some patrons, roughed up others, threw food on the floor and damaged a staircase.

Stripping the Indians entirely of a food supply they badly need cannot be justified. On the other hand, unrestricted netting seems certain to accomplish the same sad end eventually. If the Moisie is to survive as a great salmon river—and many others like it or even better have shrunk drastically over the years—it is imperatively incumbent on Canadian authorities to work out an ac-

ceptable compromise of the conflicting interests involved. Handling the situation "by the book" obviously is not the answer.

## LOOK, MA, ONE HAND

While he was playing football for Montclair (N.J.) High School, Buzz Aldrin, No. 2 man on the lunar-landing crew, displayed a certain virtuosity in football. He centered the ball for punts with one hand.

In his sophomore year Buzz played quarterback in the old Notre Dame box formation, but, he says, "I don't have an arm for throwing." Then in his junior year he dropped out of football to bone up scholastically for the competitive West Point exams. Coming back to the team in his final year, he found it already had a quarterback but needed a center, which is when he discovered the one-hand trick.

"You know how everybody does it with two?" he asked the other day. "Well, whenever I tried to center the ball with two hands it would end up wobbling. I could get it back there in a pretty good spot with one hand—so I did it all with one hand from then on. The coach was a little surprised at first—but he went along with it."

At West Point, he found that Red Blaik had no need for a 160-pound, one-handed center. So he went out for track instead and vaulted 13' 9", which, as Buzz says, was "not bad in the pre-fiber glass pole era."

His next vault will top that by quite a bit.

## THE MARTYRED MOTORBIKE

Immolation has become sort of the ultimate protest, and now it has come to Memphis.

Michael Wadley, a motorcycle enthusiast of seven-months standing, became convinced that police were persecuting motorcyclists, himself included. After being stopped several times within a week and asked for his license, Wadley

was not surprised when still another police squad car halted him. This time the cop told him his license was not valid because a special \$4 stamp was not affixed to it. Wadley was given a ticket.

"The police think we're all members of Hell's Angels," he said later. "We're not any different from people who like to go boating and play golf. Motorcycle riding is more fun when it's done with people, and we shouldn't be treated like we're members of a rat pack."

Having convinced himself, Wadley took action. He drove his bike up to the steps of the Shelby County Courthouse, unloaded a can of gasoline and soaked . . . not himself . . . the motorcycle. Then he set fire to it.

Police charged him with arson, not martyrdom.

## UNDERKILL

Occasionally, high above New York City, hawks circle, much to the surprise



of those who think that hawks and city streets have nothing in common. But they do: pigeons. New York is filled to the eaves with pigeons, and hawks, like all predators, tend to go where the prey is. A recent story reported, rather vividly, the presence of a "lone wolf of the skies—a killer peregrine falcon." It said the placid existence of thousands of pigeons had been shattered by the falcon's presence, that eyewitnesses had

continued



## Number one battery killer

You may think of the summer sun as a source for a suntan. Your battery thinks of it as a source for sunstroke. The heat of summer driving burns up the insides of your battery faster than winter's cold. That's a fact.

Sure, your battery may last a little longer. Then again, it may not. Can you tell how long? We can't.

What you need is a battery with insides big enough—where there's enough lead and acid—to sweat out summer after summer. That's what the DieHard is all about.

**Size for size, the DieHard<sup>®</sup> is America's most powerful car battery.** The DieHard has a thin-walled polypropylene case. Which makes more room inside for

bigger plates and more acid. Which makes for more power.

The DieHard has more usable starting power than the best battery anyone else makes. That's a fact.

What's more, the DieHard is guaranteed to keep its cool for five summers and winters. And that's a fact.

You know if you bought the DieHard right now—today—chances are excellent it would outlive your current car. Just maybe then you should strike while the sun is hot.

**The DieHard 5-year guarantee:** "Free replacement within 90

days of purchase if battery proves defective. After 90 days we replace the battery, if defective, and charge you only for the period of ownership, based on the regular price less trade-in at the time of return, prorated over number of months of guarantee."

The DieHard. Sold only at Sears \$29.95 with trade-in. Outside continental U.S.A. (in Canada at Simpsons-Sears) at slightly higher prices.



**Sears**  
ALLSTATE

# Ask Dan Gurney...

Castrol XLR, the only high-performance multi-grade racing oil. And that's reason enough to use it. But Castrol doesn't stop there. Ask Dan Gurney.

He might tell you Castrol XLR contains Liquid Tungsten. This exclusive additive helps provide quick starting and immediate protection to cold engine parts. Then again he might not. He might just say Castrol does the job for him. That's good enough for us—how about you?

Castrol, The Masterpiece in Oil  
Castrol Oil, Incorporated, Newark, N.J.  
Kansas City, Mo. • Palo Alto, Calif.



Don't miss the Monterey-Castrol Grand Prix,  
October 11-12, 1969

## SCORECARD

told of brutal attacks and that humane groups disapproved of the killing habits of the hawk.

About the only humane groups who worry about pigeons are the people who spread corn and grain for them, which is a mistake in the first place. If pigeons have any saving grace to make up for the dirt they bring to the city, it is their function as scavengers and feeding them keeps them from scavenging. In thinning out the pigeon population, the hawk is a benefit to the city. It would be both sad and stupid if the pigeon feeders somehow chased him away.

## PATTERNS IN THE GRASS

Civic Stadium in Portland, Ore. has artificial turf, which is not exactly red-hot news these days. But some weeks ago the Portland Beavers of the Pacific Coast League carried out an experiment that may bring about a revolutionary change in baseball—if not in the actual play of the game, then certainly in the traditional appearance of the baseball diamond.

The Tartan carpet in Portland, which ordinarily covers only the normally grassy portions of the outfield and infield, was extended to cover the entire playing field—the base paths, the batter's boxes, everything but the pitcher's circle. Then the Beavers played a three-game series with the Phoenix Giants to see what would happen. Before play started sandlike granules (called "sliding spheres") supplied by the Tartan people were sprinkled around the bases and home plate.

Results were on the bizarre side, and reactions varied. The weather had been persistently damp, no surprise in the Pacific Northwest, and all three games most likely would have been postponed because of wet grounds if it had not been for the artificial turf. But they were played, and without difficulty, except for sliding. No one was quite sure whether it was the wetness or the granules or a devilish combination of both, but when a runner slid into a base he just kept right on sliding, and the sight of a ball-player desperately clutching the base with his arms as he zipped by became commonplace. A spokesman for Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing said it was not a real problem, simply a matter of overseeding the base paths.

Charlie Fox, the Phoenix manager, disagreed. "There is no substitute for

continued

# Swing in Converse. the pros do.

Converse tennis shoes are worn from love by tennis racquet swingers around the world for tennis, badminton, and squash. Great athletes know Converse. Most professional, college, and high school basketball players wear Converse All Stars. And last year nine different U. S. Olympic teams wore Converse athletic or casual footwear at the Summer Olympics in Mexico City. We score pretty well with club and leisure time players, too. So treat yourself (or anyone else in that action-loving family of yours) to the tennis shoes with the great soles and the great reputation on grass, clay, or hard. For your nearest dealer call anytime free (800) 243-1999. In Conn. call collect 853-3600. Converse Rubber Company, Malden, Mass. 02148.



When you're out to  
beat the world



BEFORE AFTER



All it adds is the natural sheen of a healthy animal

© THE SCIENTIFIC COMPANY, INC. 1987

**The wood racket.**  
Lover's choice.

And Roche, Gimeno, Okker and others. The all-of-a-piece feel of multi ply hardwoods, braced with special shock absorbing throat wedges.

**The Dunlop FORT.**

**The metal racket.**

The lightness and strength of alloy steels combine to give you touch with power. The same size, sweet spot, and handle you're used to.

**The Dunlop ELITE.**

## Dunlop's unstrung heroes

Frame is the name of the game. And now you have your choice of Dunlop quality and craft in either wood or metal. Strung or not.

**DUNLOP** Buffalo, N. Y. 14210

... Everywhere in the worlds of tennis, golf and tires.

#### SCORECARD *continued*

dirt," said Charlie. "Artificial turf is fine, and it's the thing of the future, but it doesn't belong on the dirt part of the infield or on the base paths. Guys don't know where to start their slides. And it doesn't belong in the batter's box. Hitters will have trouble pivoting on it. You can't beat dirt."

But Red Davis, the Portland manager, thought the experiment was a success. "It's just a matter of players adapting to it," Davis said. "Years ago they had to adapt to night ball, and they did. They'll adapt to this."

#### A WORD FROM A MASTER

There is an old golf maxim to the effect that "you drive for show and putt for dough." It's easy to remember, but you don't necessarily have to believe it. Ben Hogan doesn't. To the four-time U.S. Open champion the driver, not the putter, is the most important club in the bag.

"You can be the greatest iron player in the world or the greatest putter," Hogan explained, "but if you can't get the ball in position to use your greatness, you can't win."

"It all starts with the drive. If you can get your drive in position, you can be a mediocre iron player and still score. If you're a good driver, the rest of the game is easy. If you're a bad driver, oh, you might get by for a couple of days. But for a long haul, over four days of a tournament, it will kill you."

IBM statistics of the U.S. Open, where Hogan made his evaluation of the putt vs. drive maxim, tend to support his view. Orville Moody, who emerged the Open champion, was tied for 35th in fewest total putts. But in hitting drives onto the fairways he was tied for 15th and was fourth in hitting greens on schedule. In fact, the first five finishers—Moody, Geigerger, Beman, Rosburg and Murphy—were all among the top 15 in number of drives on the fairways. The same five ranked thus in fewest total putts: tie 35th, tie 14th, second, tie 14th, tie 56th.

#### CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT RETIRES

In the rash of retirements that have popped out across the body of professional sports in recent months, the reasons may vary but the atmosphere attendant with the announcements seems to follow an emotional pattern: tearful, heartfelt, somber.

ron/ward





Opel GT

Riviera GS

## Buick introduces automobiles to light your fire.

Buick introduces the Opel GT. Who else but Buick would?

Buick introduced you to the Riviera GS, California GS and GS 350. Buick brought you the GS 400 and Stage I.

Buick introduced you to the Opel Rallye Kadett.

Now Buick introduces the Opel GT, and you have every reason to be excited. Only, please. Have patience. You may not be able to get one right away.

Like all good things, the Opel GT is available in a limited quantity.

Which, if you'll think about it, is really the way it should be.

Automobiles like this don't come along very often. Especially automobiles equipped like this that nearly everyone can afford.

There really isn't much you could ask for that isn't already standard on the Opel GT.

A 67 horsepower engine is standard on the Opel GT. A 102 horsepower engine is available for the most enthusiastic enthusiast.

Power-assisted front disc brakes, dual exhausts, and radial ply tires (165 HR x 13) are standard.

A short-throw, 4-speed stick is standard. Mounted in a console on the

floor. A fully automatic transmission is available. Mounted on the floor.

Specially-contoured vinyl bucket seats are standard.

A tach, amp and oil gauges, and 0.1 mile odometer are standard.

And, of course, a very lengthy list of GM safety equipment is standard, too.

There you have it.

The beginning of an exciting story that can be heard in full at any Buick-Opel showroom. Brought to you by you know who.

Who else?

gmc-division

### There's a long warm spell ahead.

The light-your-fire Buicks: Riviera GS, GS 400, Stage I, GS 350, California GS, Opel Rallye Kadett, Opel GT.

YOU MAY PURCHASE A FULLY COLORED 4 x 6 INCH POSTER OF THE OPAL GT 3500 X WITH TOP 3000 TO BUICK'S OPAL GT 3500. SEE US IN DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

# Gordon's & Fresca!

## Notice the chill in the air.

England gave the world icily dry Gordon's Gin.  
America gave it icily refreshing Fresca.  
Put them together in a glassful of rocks, and you've  
got a summer drink that'll have you happily  
shivering, even when the thermometer says you  
should be sweltering. One part Gordon's, three parts  
sugar-free Fresca, a slice of lemon, and you've got it made.  
Gordon's & Fresca—jolly cool!



PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% VITRIFIED SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 50 PROOF  
©1994 G.D. & F. A BEVERAGE CORPORATION OF THE GORDON & FRESCA CO., LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND. FRESCA IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF THE GORDON & FRESCA COMPANY.

Not so with the irrepressible Alex Hawkins, the night-crawling captain of the Baltimore Colts' special kickoff and receiving teams, who sat down in one of his favorite watering spots the other evening and, sucking on a pencil, wrote down 10 reasons for quitting "one for each year I played."

"1 If Joe Namath doesn't play, neither will I.

"2 The Colts can join the American League, but I won't.

"3 When Tom Matte goes to the Pro Bowl, it's time for everyone to quit.

"4 Pete Rozelle frowns on unsavory characters, and I don't have a friend who's not one.

"5 John Unluis had to bar me from his restaurant." (Actually, that's where Alex had his retirement party.)

"6 I'm allergic to Astro-turf.

"7 I just heard that Charlie Ficken is going to do the color for the Colts this year, and I'd rather listen to the games on the radio than watch them from the bench.

"8 Coach Bobby Boyd knows all my escape routes from hotels and training camp, since he invented them himself.

"9 Every barbershop I've been in lately has gone back to cutting hair, instead of sponsoring card games." (A reference to the time he got caught in a raid on a barbershop game.)

"10 My bar bills, lawyer's fees, fines, gambling losses and supplementing the income of Rocky Thornton (comedian and valet for many Colts) are greater than my salary."

#### THEY SAID IT

• Donald Davidson, the Atlanta Braves 4-foot traveling secretary, on the Braves-Astros free-for-all in Houston: "The next time something like that gets started I'm going to punch the other club's traveling secretary."

• Gene Mauch, former Philadelphia Phillies manager, now managing Montreal, on what he would do with Rich Allen if he had him again: "I'd find him, fine him and play him, find him, fine him and play him, find him, fine him and play him... just like I did when I was managing the Phillies."

• Don Meredith, tearfully (of course) announcing his retirement from the Dallas Cowboys: "I thought I would start off by telling you I had bought a one-third interest in a New York bar, but I decided to play it straight."

END

No oil stains, no wrinkles  
in Ray Fox's  
pit-crew uniforms.

**Galeys & Lord**

Permanent press two-ply polyester, cotton fabric with Come Clean finish by Galeys & Lord  
a division of Burlington Industries at Burlington House, New York, N.Y. 10019



## Discover Nikon

And discover your true capabilities for pictorial self-expression. Share the power of creative photography with the many greats in photography who are among the most ardent Nikon users.

You owe it to yourself if you are at all earnest about photography. Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Eberkrich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd.)

Nikon F shown with new Photomic FTS "self-compensating" meter system.

# READY IF YOU ARE, O.J.

*Prepared to sit out the season, O. J. Simpson isn't about to lower his asking price for shuffling off to the Buffalo Bills. He has all sorts of deals in the works, including a Hollywood career* **by FRANK DEFORD**

The holdout athlete is, classically, to be found waiting in his small home town, passing the anxious hours by whitening and playing dominoes and bantering with the other hard-core unemployed, listening for the phone with the other ear. At first bold with management, then hedging, at last downright obsequious, he finally gives in and rushes to sign the pact. By contrast, O. J. Simpson (see cover) is not so much a holdout from the Buffalo Bills as he is a government in exile. He has so many varied responsibilities to attend to and checks to deposit that, when he recently had a day to spend at home with his wife and infant daughter, he said the leisure time "felt weird."

O. J. can afford to rest on his bank account—for one season, at least—and the prospect becomes increasingly likely that this young man, whom many consider potentially the greatest runner in the history of pro football, will not play this fall. Simpson and his manager, Chuck Barnes, have not met with Buffalo Owner Ralph Wilson Jr. in six weeks. Barnes says he is waiting for Wilson to call; Wilson says he has no plans to call. In any event O. J. is occupied. He is already participating in a \$250,000 deal endorsing General Motors cars. He has to decide which orange juice venture to back and which of two or three other products to endorse. Macmillan will publish his autobiography, and he has finished filming a small featured role in a movie,

*The Dream of Humish Mose*. Only last week he completed a long guest star part in a new CBS-TV series with the satiric title of *Medival Center*. O. J. is so big that Howard Cosell tells him all the time that, just as Cosell made Simpson, so can he break him—the supreme accolade.

On the other hand Buffalo, the city where Millard Fillmore spent his declining years, waits for its next chance at reflected glory. Buffalo is still a holdout, though, because Wilson absolutely has not budged from his original offer to Simpson of a \$250,000 five-year contract—except for one prodigal moment when he agreed to give O. J. "an extra five or ten thousand" if he should be named Rookie of the Year and make the All-Pro team as well.

Uncharacteristically exasperated and genuinely angry at this show of largesse, Simpson ended the third and last contract meeting on May 26 by snapping "All right, we're not getting anywhere. I'd like to be traded."

"I'll consider that," Wilson replied.

The owner honored the request. "I spoke with four or five clubs in our league, including the two California teams," Wilson says, "but not once did we even get around to discussing the possible personnel we might get for Simpson. It's just that nobody will meet his price."

What Simpson has asked for is \$650,000 for five years, plus a \$500,000 loan

for investment purposes. Even this is something of a compromise, since Simpson would prefer a three-year contract and might now even settle for a one-year deal.

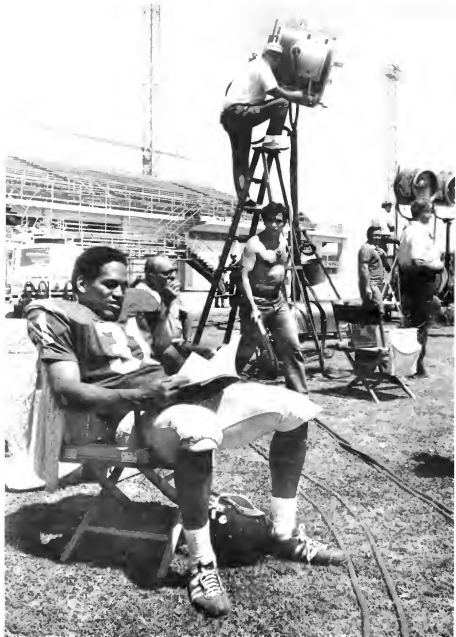
"I don't like to be pushed," O. J. says. "The last time with Mr. Wilson, it was me, not Chuck, who really got mad. We were negotiating, we were discussing giving up on the loan stuff, but Mr. Wilson wouldn't change his offer at all. Well, I can wait if he can wait."

"You see, when Chuck and I first got into this, we thought there would be some difficulty in signing. He told me we were going to get hacked up against the wall, and there would be times when we would get mad at each other, but we had to stick together. I know other rookies who have signed for about \$50,000 a year, which is what I'm being offered. I just know Wilson may have a better figure in mind and, though I don't want to, I'll wait out the season if I have to."

Simpson's potential is nearly limitless. He is not only charming and good-looking, but still unaffected. His appeal is established, almost as if his career had been programmed by a market research agency. He grew up in Northern California, grew famous in Southern California and will (if he goes to Buffalo)

*continued*

*On the set O. J. studies the script, in which he plays a football star with a strange disease*



establish still another metropolitan popularity base in the East.

Since the holdout sometimes seems to be as much of a promotional device as anything else, it should be pointed out that the publicity has not exactly harmed Buffalo, either. It is traditional that an unsigned rookie does not play in the Chicago All-Star Game (Aug. 1 against the Jets), and the Bills stand to profit further if the full impact of Simpson's debut comes in Buffalo blue. Optimistic students of the negotiations suggest that this may be the real reason for Wilson's infinite patience.

There is a good chance, though, that Simpson will play at Chicago, whatever his status. "I've wanted to play in that game all my life," he says. "I've been meaning to call up Keyes and Kwaliak and find out what they're thinking, too." Leroy Keyes, Philadelphia's first draft choice, and Ted Kwaliak, San Francisco's, are the two other outstanding rookies still unsigned. With Joe Namath in his self-imposed purgatory, O.J. and the others become doubly vital to the success of the Chicago game. Selling \$10 tickets to the Namath-less Jets vs. the Scme-Stars is lunacy.

If Simpson is to play in Chicago, however, he wants to be insured for at least \$500,000 instead of the reportedly standard \$25,000. The promoters of the Atlanta All-Star bust that was played last month tried to save the show by buying

half a million dollars worth of special insurance for Simpson, but the firm offer came too late for O.J. to get in shape.

With Simpson, the Bills stand to get very fat off their exhibition schedule alone. Last year, even before they proved on record to be the worst team in pro football, the Bills were able to schedule only three exhibition games outside the Buffalo city limits. They drew a mighty 11,200 to a 15,000-seat stadium just down the road in Rochester, 20,000 to a 28,000-seat stadium in Cincinnati and 21,500 in the 40,000-seat Tulsa stadium—53,000 for the three games.

This summer, after drafting O.J., Buffalo filled out a much nicer dance card. Last year's worst team is suddenly booked for the Astrodome, Detroit's Tiger Stadium, the Cleveland doubleheader in 80,000-seat Municipal Stadium and the L.A. Coliseum. Capacity of these four stadiums is 287,000, and it is quite possible that the O.J. Bills could fill 250,000 seats, up 197,000 customers from last summer's road show. Assuming—arbitrarily but modestly—that the Bills' share would average \$2 a head for these dates, they would be almost \$400,000 ahead of last year's pace before the season begins. How can Wilson turn him down?

The answer is that Simpson is, essentially, stranded with a take it or leave it in a city, a region and a league he did not want—although, as O.J. points out,

he has never visited Buffalo and has never made a nasty remark about the city. "O.J. would obviously be the perfect case to challenge the draft," Barnes says, "but the more we think about it, the more we're afraid that it'll end up making him sound as if he's challenging church, mother and home. All of a sudden we might have O.J. the bad guy, which is ridiculous, but which is also a risk probably not worth taking."

Having been drafted by Buffalo, Simpson is actually barred from the NFL for another year, when interleague trading will at last suit the convenience of the owners. This is Simpson's only hole card.

If he does not sign with the Bills, he will sit out the year. The Indianapolis Capitols of the Continental League (where Barnes lives) made an offer of \$100,000 and a \$250,000 loan for one season, but an early decision was necessary so that the league could set up scheduling in larger stadiums for O.J., and Simpson preferred to wait on Wilson.

Acting is a serious future possibility. The natural comparison is with Jimmy Brown, who as a film hero has been generally dismissed as just another pretty face—but who has been hitting the box offices pretty hard. Simpson seems to be a better—loose and natural—rookie actor. "The thing is, he never gets in his own way," one MGM executive says, an appraisal that seems particularly apt, even if the man never saw O.J. play football.

Al C. Ward, the producer of *Medical Center*, came upon Simpson lounging between takes last week and could not contain himself. "I just heard from the studio," Ward cried effusively, patting O.J., "and you're going to be A STAR! The dailies were marvelous, they're all raving about you down there. Now the only thing that scares me is that you'll become temperamental."

Simpson is an All-America football player in the story, which is tentatively scheduled for national viewing on Wednesday, Sept. 24. The most charitable thing that can be said of the script is that it is certainly up to CBS' usual standards. Sample dialogue:

LITTLE BOY: Did you cut off my hand?

DOCTOR: Yup. From now on things get better . . . You'll be playing football and sking again—soon—and about as well as you ever could.

The doctor, who wears a turtleneck,



With Manager Barnes (dark glasses) watching, O.J. trades quips with kids who sneaked on set



A bemused Simpson is sprayed for a scene with instant sweat and then holds still so the makeup men can create a bogus bloody nose



safari jacket and boots, quickly diagnoses Simpson's malady as pheochromocytoma, a tumor of the adrenal gland. "What we need," says Executive Producer Frank Glicksman, smiling, but on the level, "are diseases that show symptoms for awhile, go away for a couple of weeks and then come back." Simpson's symptom was regular nosebleeds, and so a little man with a blood dispenser was never far from him during the filming.

The drama revolves around the fact that, if the last-place pro team named the Warriors finds out that Simpson has pheochromocytoma, they will not draft him first. This all seems true to life, except that, unlike the Bills, the Warriors are prepared to start at \$500,000.

Simpson has many lines in the script, but there is also some football action. Marv Goux, the taskmaster on John McKay's USC staff, was hired as technical consultant and also to play the team trainer. Other USC assistants, Craig Fertig and Willie Brown, appear in the backfield with O.J., and the line includes Adrian Young of the Eagles and Wes Grant and Mike Ballou of UCLA.

Goux ran tough scrimmages for the cameras, or what the script calls, "thuds, grunts . . . the collision motif." O.J. busied off right tackle on one collision motif, scoring as he was brought down. Goux growled like they were getting set for Notre Dame. "Don't slide off him, run over him. He's getting paid."

O.J. smiled. "It's been a long time since I ran over anybody," he said. "You last longer that way."

Because he has pheochromocytoma, Simpson takes plenty of time getting up after each collision motif, but this was perfect casting since, like Jimmy Brown, he has always been slow to rise from a tackle. After the TD he has to take a few steps and crumple again to the ground. Like a veteran actor, he staggered a few extra yards each time the scene was shot. Then he would lie there awhile until his stand-in took his place, at which point Simpson would jump up and go play touch football with the extras. They made him play center and rush and they wouldn't throw him any passes.

Other times he sat in his special "Guest Star" chair and read the script over. "Learning your lines, darling?" a USC teammate asked. O.J. pretended to frown. He took the role very seriously,

often made suggestions that Director William Graham accepted and, when the script called for him to take a down-and-out pass and smash into the goalposts, he hit them so hard that Barnes winced.

The field in Santa Monica where CBS was filming was cordoned off, but all day extras were pressed into messenger roles, carrying slips of paper to be autographed by O.J. He was relaxing and talking football for a change when three little boys managed to sneak in and head over to him.

"The guys who really beat us in the Rose Bowl," he was saying, "were the linebackers. They gave the credit to the same Ohio State guys who had gotten the publicity all year, but it was the linebackers. I don't even know their names."

The kids moved a little closer. "That's him there," one of them said.

Somebody asked about Buffalo. "Look, they're not as bad as everybody says. They had a great defense last year. They just didn't have any offense, and the defense would wear down late in the game because they were always on the field."

"Hey, you O.J.?" one of the kids asked.

"Naw," O.J. said. "That's O.J. over there"—pointing to Willie Brown. "Right, O.J.? And that's Rap Brown"—pointing to Wes Grant. "You know he's a militant because he has a beard. Right, Rap?"

The kids' delight showed on their faces. "You gonna sign with Buffalo?" one of them asked.

"You think I ought to?" O.J. parried.

"How much you want?"

"How much do you think I'm worth?"

"I wouldn't give you 90¢, Simpson," another kid said, and laughed.

"You play football?" Simpson asked him.

"Sure."

"What position?"

"Quarterback," the boy said proudly.

"I figured you were a QB the way you talked all the time," O.J. said.

"C'mon, you gonna sign?"

"I don't know yet. I really don't."

"I'll tell you, Simpson," the QB said,

"if they pay you \$1,000,000, you sure ain't gonna be warming no bench."

"Hey, O.J.," Chuck Barnes said, "how come you and me never even thought of that?"

END



## SOME DASHING DOLLS DEBUT IN DAYTON

*Feminine charm and bright new faces come to the fore in the girls and women's national AAU championships* **by ANITA VERSCHOTH**

**A**lthough Dayton, Ohio, home of the Wright Brothers and The National Cash Register Co., is a big town for business, the miniskirt has yet to arrive, and restaurants close early. But the pace picked up last week when some 500 girls and women showed up for the 1969 National AAU track and field championships. Like a cloud of newly emerged butterflies, they appeared out of nowhere—which is where women track and field athletes seem to spend the time between national championships—to provide a kaleidoscope of beauty and color that even the local Fourth of July fireworks could not match.

If the meet emphasized one thing, it was that a girl no longer has to look like a boy to compete in track and field, a development that becomes more obvious every year. The women's championships, held on a rain-soaked track at Welcome Stadium, had none of the unexpected Olympic medalist Barbara Ferrell won both dashes. Chi Cheng of the Crown Cities Track Club took the 100-meter hurdles and favored Tennessee State the team title—but the girls, from ages 14 to 17, provided a lot of fresh and attractive faces. Even after the old reliables of women's track are gone, there will be no need to worry about replacements. They were there in Dayton.

Take Francie Larrieu, a 16-year-old half-miler from Sunnyvale, Calif., who competes for the San Jose Cinderghals. A slender girl with long brown hair, she led all the way to win the girls' 880 in 2:10.6, a new national record for her group. "I ran to win," said Francie, who sews her own dresses, "because I had told all my friends that I was going to win. You've got to be confident, otherwise you get nervous." On Sunday she ran in the women's 1,500 meters and finished a close second to veteran Doris Brown.

Then there was 15-year-old Esther Stroy, who won the 440 in 54.1, another AAU record. Last year Esther was the youngest runner in the U.S. Olympic women's team, but she pulled a muscle in the semifinals at Mexico City. The same thing happened to her in the girls' AAU championship last year, and when she looked at the trophies she cried. Her leg still hurts, but every day at home in Washington she rides the bus for an hour and a half to practice with her coach, Brooks Johnson. "One nice thing about girls," said Brooks, who was in Dayton with a bevy of girls, "is that they can take pain much better than men."

Thanks to a 16-year-old sprinter, the Bakersfield Sams placed third with 29

*Francie Larrieu runs to a record in the 880.*





*Middle-distance star Cheryl Toussaint would never think of competing without her earrings*

*All-round athlete Jan Glotzer anchors Phoenix Track Club to win in the 440-yard relay*



points in the girls' division, all scored by Willie Nichols, who won the 100 and 220 and tied for first place in the 50-yard dash. The time for the 50 was 5.8, which equaled the girls' national record. Linda Langford, 17, who is studying political science at San Jose State, is that rarity, a slender discus thrower and shot-putter. She set a new national record for girls in the discus with a throw of 155 feet. And then there was peri Jan Glotzer, 17, of the Phoenix Track Club. Recently she won the women's national pentathlon. In Dayton, she tied the national record in winning the 50-yard hurdles and ran anchor on her victorious 440-yard relay team.

With so much talent and dedication in the girls' division, Americans can look forward with pleasure to the 1972 Olympics. "Our young girls are so serious about track," said Brooks Johnson, "that you have to watch out that they don't overtrain. They don't mind giving up dancing and dating if they can compete in track. The great joy of being a girls' coach is that they do everything you tell them to do."

Fred Thompson, an attorney who founded the Athens Track Club in Brooklyn five years ago, said, "I wouldn't like to coach a boys' team. You develop a young boy over a couple of years and then you have to pass him on to a high school coach. But with girls it's different. You get them at 9 or 10, keep coaching them until they are in their 20s. You might even be able to see some make the Olympic team."

There was a time when most coaches were women who believed a girl could only make it in track if she looked like Perry O'Brien. In the last few years, a number of men—among them Thompson—have started girls' clubs, and since men like girls to look like girls, they have begun to create a whole new image of women's track. Madeline Matthews, who acted as a starter in Dayton and used to run herself, has been around long enough to appreciate the change. "In 1933," she recalled, "Babe Didrikson and I appeared in an exhibition basketball game in New York. When Babe arrived with no brassiere under her shirt, I said to her, 'Babe, would you do me a favor and put on a bra?' She said, 'What do you think I am? A sissy?'"

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE STERNBARD



Donna Districh of San Diego finished fifth in the javelin—but looked good losing

By contrast at Dayton, Michelle McMillan, 15, of the Atoms Track Club, wore a button on her jacket which read, "I don't mean to be forward (I'm just built this way)." Today's girls wouldn't be caught on the track without earrings, hair ribbons and snug-fitting uniforms. They wear mascara and eyeliner and they tie their hair into ponytails and dog ears. Cheryl Toussaint, a 16-year-old half-miler for the Atoms, who is so good that she already competes with the women, always goes to a meet carrying a spare earring in case she should lose one during a race.

It used to be that only the men wore fancy sweat suits and uniforms while the girls had to wear cutoffs, Bermuda shorts and even men's basketball trunks. Now manufacturers are only too happy to help all the 'Cinderellas' and Speedettes' clubs in the country compete with each other for the most chic uniforms. As for the men, they've had it: girls can wear pink. Indeed all the girls on the Angels Track Club from Renton, Wash., run in cherry-blossom pink. The Ventura Track Club has black sweat suits, but on the back of their jackets are two bright red pom-poms. The girls' track club of the Dayton Catholic Youth Organization has lime-green uniforms, and Ikenke Van Der Seungs, a 16-year-old blonde who was born in Rotterdam, sported a lime-green headband and yellow-mud sunglasses to match her outfit.

All the girls stayed at the University of Dayton, a Catholic school where the nuns wear ankle-length habits and medieval coifs. Suddenly the campus was alive with girls in bell-bottoms and miniskirts. "Said one startled but smiling sister, "We have 1,100 women staying here during the semester, but we weren't prepared for anything like this!"

There was even a beauty queen at Dayton, Tara Sheldon, a talented women's high jumper. A willowy 6' 4", Tara is "Miss Tall Oregon." She arrived with two suitcases—one containing her track equipment and the other high-heeled evening pumps and a night-blue gown adorned with glittering rhinestones. Tara is on her way to Hamilton, Ont. to represent Oregon in the "Miss Tall Universe" contest. "That's me," said Tara, the spirit of the new femininity. "Spiked shoes and stiletto heels."

END



*With ribbons flying, Deanne Brendt, 14, of the Tucson Track Club, uses a variation of the Fosbury Flop, as she helps down others in the meet.*

*Clowning in the infield is another 14-year-old, Rhonda Albers of San Leandro, Calif., who took second in the girls' long jump with 18' 5".*



# HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN BILLY?

Midway through the 1969 season professional golf's most enigmatic figure is—as usual—a leading money-winner and is—as usual—searching for the real Casper

by ROBERT F. JONES



Billy Casper bent his fingers carefully around the shaft and turned to address his gallery. "You'll notice that I use a Vardon overlapping grip," he remarked in that dry, pedantic clubhouse voice. Then, leaning back and using his arms like pulley ropes, Casper emitted a most ungolflike grunt—and drew a furiously thrashing, 150-pound striped marlin to the surface.

Casper was doing his other thing—fishing and doing it with the same degree of devotion that he brings to his golf game. As the marlin rolled in exhaustion after half an hour's fight on 20-pound-test line, Casper cut the leader and watched the lean, silvery-blue shape fade into the deep. "As far as I'm concerned," he said, "that kid was a double eagle."

The field of battle was as remote from a golf course as Casper could get—which is precisely why he loves fishing. He was trolling off the bleak, desiccated tip of Baja California, that austere appendage of western Mexico where the billfish throng like alewives and an angler is

guaranteed an aching back. Casper's gallery, clustered in various degrees of sunburn on the flying bridge of the 60-foot diesel yacht *Martian*, included Dr. Marshall Persky, the Casper family pediatrician; Dr. Charles Franklin, the family obstetrician; Captain Ernie Horn, skipper of the *Martian* and an old fishing buddy of Billy's, and Misael Vargas, a Mexican deckhand whose knowledge of golf only slightly exceeds his understanding of Chinese opera ("You say Señor Casper is good putter? What is puttering?"). There was generous applause as Billy hoisted and released his fish. Mike Vargas even yelled "Nice feesh, Señor Putter!" Billy beamed. "I hope it's out it is. How you like that for patience and humility?"

Aha! At last a breakthrough on the Casperian emotional front. Finally a crack in the bland clay face. This had to be the real Billy Casper talking, revealing himself as a man subject to pride as are the rest of us. He did indeed revel in victory; he was indeed possessed of a sense of humor! His saintliness, his





Mormonism, his freaked-out diet, his clean mouth and cleaner living habits were only a cover—a control—on his essential humanity. Or were they?

For five days I'd lived with Billy Casper, and tried to live like him. No cuss words and no booze, no coffee, tea or Coke. I dined on the famous diet, washed it down with glasses of lukewarm bottled spring water and slunk off to the bathroom for a postprandial smoke. I shared long hours of prayer and fasting, and even longer hours of Sunday night TV. Through it all, I had one thing in mind: Billy Casper just can't be as controlled as he appears.

He isn't. Like any other man, Casper is colored by the light from the sparks he strikes. Not all golf fans were dismayed when Billy blew the Masters earlier this year. The tour's most successful exponent of play-it-safe golf had lost because of his own conservatism, and conservatives don't attract many frenzied followers in sport. Mr. Short-Shot lost his lead and became Mr. Also-Ran. Casper's clubhouse remarks in front of national-television cameras sounded like a kind of cop-out: "I'm proud to have finished second." Yet most listeners didn't hear Billy's real brag—that he had retrieved three of the five bogeys he had shot on the front nine, and had ended just a stroke behind the winner. It may well be that the lump of pride Billy Casper swallowed that day contained more spiritual vitamins than any "Oh, pshaw, t'warn't nothin'" victory statement.

Let me be an advocate. William Earl Casper Jr. is not a machine, he is an existential contradiction. That may well be the only working definition of the human condition. A millionaire on his golf earnings alone, Casper is so austere in his personal life that by contrast a Franciscan monk looks like a swinger. Phlegmatic to the point of dullness (one acquaintance calls him "a walking ad for ennui"), Casper is nonetheless so sensitive to everything from natural gas to apples that he develops agonizing allergies to them. Fanatically committed to discovering everything about the few human activities that interest him, he is

virtually innocent of book learning, political opinion and musical or artistic taste. He is a man whose inner drive and self-discipline would make even Vince Lombardi appear a bit of a softie, yet a man who can coo and burble over babies with near-feminine abandon. He is a saint with the instincts of a savage—or maybe vice versa. In short, he is a fascinating human being beside whom the simpler psyches of an Arnold Palmer or Jack Nicklaus fade toward cliché. Yet there is no Casper's Army. There isn't even a Casper's Cadre.

Any of the golf fans who put him down—and oh how they put him down—can recite Casper's credentials: twice winner of the U.S. Open (1959, 1966); PGA Player of the Year (1966); among the top four money-winners in 10 of his 14 years on the tour and a good bet to be there again in 1969 (halfway through this season he has won \$79,000 and is ranked fourth) and, most significant of all, five times winner of the Vardon Trophy, which goes to the golfer with the lowest scoring average of the year. Any golf fan could also tell you about Billy's wizardry with the putter, and about the exotic "wild meat" diet with which he combated his allergies and changed his physique from blimp-like to merely bean-shaped. But what the golf fan cannot tell you about is quintessential Casper—the enigma wrapped in an anomaly who transcends golf and ends up a metaphysician. To see that Billy Casper, one must live like Billy Casper.

Casper's home, in the dusty hills of Bonita, Calif., just southeast of San Diego, is a cool, roomy Spanish-style stucco house that once belonged to the Spreckels sugar family. The decor, however, is somewhat saccharine: subdued upholstery on overstuffed furniture, a few decorative oils and watercolors, trophies and loving cups and plaques honoring Billy's prowess on the links (including a tragicomic bronze clown's head for his participation in the 1968 Comedians' Golf Classic), a bright Aeolian piano mounted with the sheet music for hymns, sacred songs, Christmas carols and *Mary Poppins*. Of books there are few. Nixon's *Six Crises* stands cheek by jowl with the Life Nature Library. There are a number of Mormon works reflecting the Caspers' overwhelming preoccupations.

**SEVERAL FACES** of the many-faceted Casper include the intense golfer, happy family man, devout Mormon and Rotary Club speaker.

continued

cupation with the religion to which they converted (from Congregationalism) just three years ago. There is also a restored Brunswick-Balke-Collender pool table, built about 1885 and presented to Billy a year ago for his 37th birthday. And then there is the kitchen.

Since everyone in the Casper home (save the cook) is on a modified version of Billy's anti-allergy diet, all eyes are turned constantly toward the refrigerator. Mounted on the door are two mottoes. The topmost reads: "Discipline easily shades into courage, responsibility, devotion, faith, steadfastness and serenity." Beneath it, as if to ease the conscience of an errant midnight snacker, another (titled "Growth") advises: "To have failed is to have striven. To have striven is to have grown." Those growing in the Casper domicile—hopefully more in spirit than in girth—include Billy's wife Shirley, 34, daughter Linda, 14, sons Billy, 12, and Bobby, 8, plus three infants adopted by the Caspers over the past year. Byron Randolph Casper, 1½, named for Byron Nelson and Dr. Theron Randolph, Billy's allergist, is a husky hell raiser, even in Dr. Denton's and a playpen. Judy and Jenny, 14-month-old twins who have adapted to the Casper competitiveness by tugging at one another's ears and hair, are as pretty a pair of living dolls as can be found outside an Ivory soap commercial. Also resident are a pair of young family helpers. Anne Moffett, 24, is a winsome, black-haired girl from Belfast, Northern Ireland, a Mormon convert who met the Caspers three years ago while Billy was competing in the Piccadilly World Match Play championship in England. "At first I was afraid of Brother Casper," she recalls. "So sour and quiet he was. But now I can see his great strength of soul." Jerry Elwell, 23, of Ontario, Calif., was serving his Mormon missionary duty near London when Casper met him. An aspiring golfer, Jerry introduced himself and later, when he developed a mysterious allergy similar to Billy's, was invited to live with the Caspers as a boy-around-the-house. A tall, lean, likable young man, Jerry studies at San Diego State and plays on the golf team there. Much to Shirley Casper's matchmaking pleasure, Jerry and Anne were married three weeks ago.

The daily routine at the Casper home is an odd blend of discipline and delight—

the one enhancing the other. Up at first light, the family gathers together to pray for half an hour, leadership of the prayer rotating from one member of the circle to another each day. Then come chores: young Billy feeds the two horses, three dogs (a poodle, a golden retriever and a German shepherd) and uncounted cats (there would appear to be at least five, though to an outsider's eye the same striped tabby may have been viewed twice). Bobby empties the wastebaskets and feeds the fish, guinea pigs, rabbits and the white rat. Like most 8-year-olds, he is psychologically unsuited to chores, and occasionally can be found in the dawning light, surrounded by his unemptied wastepaper baskets, molding pottery clay on the side porch or shooting a quick and precocious stick of pool in the recreation room. On such occasions he becomes the subject of somewhat acid prayers at the breakfast table, beseeching the Heavenly Father to help young Bobby "straighten up and fly right."

Breakfast on the diet can range from oat muffins or rice pancakes to lamb chops or fillet of sole with arrowroot, all washed down with a hearty tumbler of water. Eggs are a rare treat, as is milk—except for the infants.

With the kids off to school, the womenfolk go about their household duties or off to one or another Mormon meeting, while Casper busies himself "recharging his batteries." If he takes a three-week layoff from the tour, he never touches a club until the week before he is to resume play. Much of the time is taken up with his many collateral business duties. His business manager, Ed Barner of Uni-Managers Inc., a Los Angeles-based firm that specializes in handling the fortunes of entertainers and athletes, has put Billy into cooperative alliance with Wilson Sporting Goods, Chrysler Corporation (hence the two big "loaners" that adorn his driveway) and a veritable shopping arcade of sportswear companies. As a result of these endorsements and a judiciously selected stock portfolio, Casper each year earns more than twice as much as his annual golf winnings. But business, like so many other things, bores Billy.

"When you come right down to it," he says, "there are only four interests in my life: religion, family, golf and fishing, in that order. And actually, the first

two are sides of the same coin." Mormonism is a family-oriented religion, and most of the Caspers' social life takes place within the confines of his home, or at the outside, the parameters of his "stake," or diocese.

Billy says that his own broken family life had much to do with his intense feelings of family responsibility today. Born in San Diego, he was moved to Silver City, N. Mex. at the age of 4. His grandfather, William Adolph Casper, had a ranch there, raising beef cattle and mixed cash crops, and it was in one of these pastures, using old clubs found in an attic, that 4½-year-old Billy took his first swings at a golf ball. Billy's father was a drifter who worked mining and lumber camps. When Billy was 6, his folks moved back to San Diego, and when he was 12 they split up, Billy and his dad returning to New Mexico and then on to the High Sierras of California for a year.

"It was a Huck Finn sort of existence," Casper recalls. "My pa worked for the Boyles Bros. Drilling Co., up above Bishop, and I dropped out of school. I spent the winters hunting rabbits and deer from snowshoes, and in the summer I caught rainbows. My father was the kind of guy who did just enough to get along." Today his father works with a mining company in Kentucky, his mother for the telephone company in Buena Park, Calif. Back in Chula Vista as a teen-ager, Billy returned to school. He never was much of a scholar, but he played every position on the high school baseball team except pitcher and catcher and captained the golf team in both his junior and senior years.

"I was always fat, but it never held me back in sports," Casper says. Casper's great strength as an athlete is in his phenomenal eye-hand coordination, a skill that serves as the key to success in such disparate sports as tennis and baseball, shooting pool and fishing. "Both pool and fishing help my golf game," Billy says. "In each of them you have to keep the hands and fingertips highly sensitive, just as in iron shots and putting."

Casper is not only a sensitive pool player, he is a fierce one to boot, a sort of California Fats who burns up the table with swiftly determined bank shots that rarely miss. Shooting against his high school pals at Club's Club in Chu-

*continued*

**GM**

©1984 GM Corp.

## Chevrolet's walk-in wagon.

(why stoop to others?)

*3-Seat Kingswood Estate Wagon*

Almost everybody's wagon now has a two-way tailgate.

And that's nice. But . . .

Not everybody fixed their roofs.

You see, if you don't cut back on the roof line and then curve the rear end, you've still got grief getting in and out.

You can't stand up straight, without getting a knock in the noggin.

So you still have to stoop in. And stoop out.

Chevrolet wagons aren't like that. We've fixed the roof.

A step up. A step in. And you

can sit right down, naturally. Our thoughtful built-in bumper step helps, too.

Saves a lot of monkey business, that's for sure.



**Putting you first, keeps us first.**

# Set your bourbon standards high.



## Ten High



Discover why so many people enjoy Ten High, a true Bourbon of acknowledged quality and character. Sip it slow and easy. Think of the welcome price, too. It'll certainly add to your pleasure.

© 1988 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.—56 PROOF



la Vista, Billy won enough Cokes and malts to keep his fat boy's figure. He also won the heart of Shirley Franklin, though they didn't marry until he was 21 and in the Navy. Casper had received a golf scholarship to Notre Dame but couldn't stand "either the cold weather or the courses." He quit at the end of one semester, and since the Korean war was under way, he volunteered for a four-year stint in the Navy. "I was a seaman in Special Services for the whole hitch," he says with a *Catch 22* gleam in his eye. "I could have made petty officer, but they only would have transferred me then." And Casper had no desire to be transferred. He served out his time in the San Diego area, working part time in golf shops on courses at North Island, Point Loma and Imperial Beach. Today he cares deeply about the troops in Vietnam—he has toured the Far East three years in a row, giving golf exhibitions and instruction from Dalat and Danang to the big air bases at Udorn and Korat in Thailand—and he feels that the U.S. "should just get in there and win it quick." And there it is again, a humanist and a hawk, just another Casperian contradiction.

Billy has no hang-ups over the contradictions in his life. "I'm a man in the process of becoming," he says, somewhat dolefully. "I don't know what I'll finally become, but I'm trying. When I was in high school, I knew I'd make it as a professional golfer, and, of course, I have, though there were plenty who said I'd never do it. I believe very strongly, I don't know, maybe even fanatically, in the concept of free agency. At every moment there is an infinity of choices available, and each man is free—totally free—to choose whatever he pleases. Some are good and some are bad. He has only himself to fight in choosing the good over the bad.

"In a way, golf is the ultimate free agent's game. You come up to the ball and the land lies so, and the wind blows so, and your eye tells you that the range is such and such to the flag. Then you begin the battle. Each muscle, down to the thinnest little filament in your fingers, must work in perfect harmony, under the control of a mind clear of self-doubt. If you start to think: 'I can't do it,' or even worse, 'What'll the gallery think if I muck it up?'—well, then you're dead."

In the light of all that, it isn't surprising that the Fishing Billy is as serious as the Golfing Billy or that watching the first can help instruct one about the second. The day before we flew down to Cabo San Lucas, at the terminal end of Baja, Casper spent the better part of the afternoon in the musty back storeroom of a San Diego tackle shop tying 9-foot monofilament leaders. The shop is owned by Milt Kraft, an oldtime casting champion who golfs now and then with Billy at the San Diego Country Club. A sun-mottled, garrulous geezer, Kraft is an exacting master when it comes to knot tying. "Don't try to cinch that up tight without spitting on it," he snarled at Billy, who was bending a stainless-steel hook to the bitter end of a leader. Billy dutifully spat, and sure enough the knot slid easily into place. As Casper tied and tied again, Kraft fed him a continuous stream of fishing advice: when a marlin hits, let him run with the bait until all the other lines are in before you hit him; use the leverage of the back rather than the biceps in fighting any bug-game fish; if your forearms get tired, cock the index finger of your fighting hand over the top of the rod butt and you'll use a totally different set of forearm muscles. Billy took all of the advice in with a series of noncommittal grunts, but when the fish started hitting he followed Kraft's instructions to the letter.

We flew to the Cape in a twin-engine Travel Air piloted by Dr. Persky Dr. Franklin came directly to the El Cajon airport from early-morning surgery, and as we angled down over the empty sierra of Baja, the pediatrician and the obstetrician joked ghoulishly about blood under the fingernails. Billy didn't laugh.

As soon as we were in our rooms at the Hotel Cabo San Lucas, Casper grabbed an ultralight rod and a plastic bag full of cut bait and headed for the rocky beach. It was late afternoon, and by sundown Billy had cranked in two fat cañnillo, ugly but delectable members of the grouper family. They made a delicious dinner.

We were out on the blue water early the next morning, the *Marian's* twin 450-hp Caterpillar diesels kicking up a milky wake on which the frozen flying-fish bails skipped. Fully 15 marlin rose to look the bait over, yet only two hooked up.

One of them was Casper's, a 120-pound youngster that fought well before coming to gaff. One more marlin was hooked late in the afternoon, and shortly thereafter Billy snapped a blue and silver Knucklehead lure on one of his hand-tied leaders. "This little kid is supposed to be dynamite on dolphin," he said. "I'll just catch us some dinner." Half an hour later he was cranking in a 10-pound hen dolphin. As the gaffed fish flashed its life away in a burst of gold and blue, Billy grinned hugely and extolled the culinary virtues of mahimahi. "Guess I'm just a meat fisherman at heart," he said.

The next day Casper would boat his second marlin of the trip—his "double eagle." That night, though, after Billy's dolphin fillets had been polished off, the talk returned to Casper's favorite subject: the clash between free will and obedience. His church, he said, demanded total adherence to the law of the land. Everybody jumped on him at once. Free agency and blind obedience were mutually contradictory, we argued. What, for example, if Billy had been a German during the Nazi period? His ancestors, after all, were German émigrés to the U.S. What if his wife had been, say, a Jewish convert to Mormonism, and what if the SS had come for her and his kids? Billy stared up at the gaudy stars. "I'd have turned them over," he said finally, as though we had been testing him and now he was testing us.

I thought at this point of the strange phenomenon of Billy Casper's many faces. It is difficult to recognize the man three times running in the same tournament. His face changes like that of a rock being pushed uphill. Fat and sullen, lean and bemused, plump and sanctimonious, drawn and happy, cheeky and contemptuous, hardy and tempestuous. Is that Billy? Oh, yeah.

The following afternoon, before we flew back north toward California and the golf wars, Casper took me aside. He was wearing a new face, grizzled and sunburned and slightly stunned (or maybe that's just how he looks when he's thinking hard). "About free agency and obedience," he said, staring out across the blanching rocks and stunted palms toward the Sea of Cortez. "I've decided I wouldn't obey the SS."

And is that Billy, too? Oh, yeah. **END**

# WIZARDS OF THE WILD WHEELS



IN CHARLOTTE, HOLMAN OPERATES HIS FAVORITE PLAYTHING, A BIG FORKLIFT TRUCK

**O**n the one-mile NASCAR racetrack at Rockingham, N.C. in the middle of a surly afternoon this spring, 43 quick and nimble stock cars were growling along in pursuit of each other. Through the afternoon the weather varied from ominous to foul, it rained and hailed. A strong wind sprang up from the west and died away and came back still stronger from the north, filling everyone's ears with red grit.

As the cars swirled around, in the infield of the track a Mr. Eddie Smith from the Iron Mountain corner of east Tennessee was seated on top of his 1968 hardtop Ford Fairlane Torino, drinking beer, ignoring the elements and enjoying every decibel of noise. Before the cars had gone half of the 500 miles they hoped to travel that day, in Eddie Smith's mind the outcome was no longer in doubt. Wagging an empty beer can toward a howling clot of cars, Eddie Smith spoke up loudly enough to be heard almost four feet away. "There's your winner right there," he bellowed. "That little old orange Ford Torino, No. 71."

As it turned out, Eddie Smith had picked the right stable but quite the wrong horse. The Rockingham race was won by the incumbent NASCAR champion, David Pearson, at the wheel of a blue and gold Ford, No. 17. The orange "Ford Torino" No. 71 that had caught Mr. Smith's fancy was not a Ford at all but a Dodge. It placed seventh.

All automobile companies cherish owners who have product loyalty, particularly a devotee like Eddie Smith, whose love is so blind that he can root for a rival make under the delusion that it is the living image of the car he owns. Although modern cars can be handsomely displayed on television and on the printed page, the car company that wants to whet the appetite of the truly devout buyer also spins its wheels on racetracks. That is why, in almost every kind of competition today, there are Ford cars—or at least Ford engines—showing their stuff. Most of the wedge-shaped, coffin-

The Carolina partnership of John Holman, junkman extraordinary, and Ralph Moody, Model T U. cum laude, has helped put Ford on top in big-time stock-car racing—and in many markets

by COLES PHINIZY

sized Formula 1 cars that are ripsnorting around the road courses of the world these days are powered by Ford, and so are many of the machines that gather for the annual 500-mile bash in Indianapolis, conspicuously Mario Andretti's winner last month. Although the strips are still dominated by rival marques, an increasing number of Ford engines are being used in the weird, fuming, hydra-headed, supercarbonated, twinkle-cammed, discombobulated drag machines that are vying for honors throughout the land.

Since the dragsters and the Formula 1 machines and the Indy cars bear little resemblance to ordinary vehicles, naturally the advantage gained from participation in such types of racing cannot be precisely measured. But in stock-car racing the effect is more tangible. If, for example, some hero drives a Ford Fairlane Torino Cobra 427 C.I.D. to victory in the International 50-miler on the 1 1/8-mile dirt oval at Bumpershoot, N.C., well, sir, the next week all sorts of folks are tracking red clay into the local dealer's showroom to look at the little old Ford car like the one that blew everybody off the course. To be sure, when a stock car is stripped down and restructured to make it safe and competitive, its interior is about as inviting as a Trappist monastery cell, and its exterior is usually decorated as gaudily as a Mexican hustler. Be that as it may, in overall appearance and mechanical essence it is the same vehicle that can be bought from the local dealer.

Jacque Passino, the overseer of Ford's major racing efforts, puts the proposition most aptly. "When you sponsor a television show, like *The Robe*," Passino observes, "you have an audience of 18 million, maybe. They get out their beads and watch *The Robe*, but do they watch your commercials? When the commercial comes on, they go get a beer. . . . But you get a guy who paid six or seven bucks to sit on a damn hard concrete seat at the Rockingham track, where

continued



IN ROCKINGHAM, MOODY OVERSEES PIT STOP OF NASCAR CHAMPION DAVID PEARSON

there was wind, rain, hail and just about everything except a flood—he's got to love high-performance cars or he wouldn't have been here. He doesn't rush out and buy a Ford because David Pearson won in a Ford, but it's a drop of water on his forehead. When he finally gets ready to buy a car, he says to his wife, "Mabel, the payment book has run out. We've got the car purchased, so let's go down and look at a new Ford."

The statistics bear out what Passano says. Last year 9.4 million cars were sold in the U.S. The Ford company got 23.7% of the action: General Motors, 46.7. But in the South—the throbbing heartland of stock-car racing—Ford got 25% and General Motors 44.9. The 1.3% gain by Ford seems small, but it amounts to about \$55 million worth of business. In California, the second most race-conscious area, last year foreign cars took a 22.8% slice of the pie, more than twice the foreign percentage elsewhere. Despite the foreign intrusion, in California the racy Ford company held its own, getting 23.3% of the total sales, while General Motors got 36.6%.

The Ford Motor Company first went into stock-car racing on a serious basis in the mid-1950s, primarily because its Southern dealers were howling that rival makes were winning on the tracks and, as a consequence, were also winning the sales race. Ford had scarcely entered the fray with well-organized and subsidized troops when the Automobile Manufacturers Association decided that the war on the tracks was unbecoming, since its corporate members were supposedly producing vehicles for use at legal speeds on public highways.

In June of 1957 an antiracing resolution was passed by the manufacturers. Two warriors of the Ford camp, John Holman and Ralph Moody, used their modest reserves and a bank loan to buy a good deal of the specialized machinery and spare parts that were no longer needed by Ford. Five years later, when Ford decided to abrogate the antiracing agreement and began looking for a subcontractor to carry its racing banner once more, there at trackside were Holman and Moody, by then a million-dollar partnership engaged in the business of racing cars, preparing cars and selling the sophisticated addenda required in high-performance machines.

Holman and Moody succeeded in the

racing game primarily because they are what technicians would call a good stoichiometric mix—a balanced combination of diverse talents. Fifty-year-old John Holman (who is the "junior partner" because he is two months younger than Moody) has the acquisitive zeal of a common crow and an uncommon knack for spotting the long-range value of seemingly worthless equipment and ideas. If someone put the polar ice cap up for sale tomorrow, Holman probably would buy it and eventually turn a profit.

It would be a shame if Holman and Moody, Inc. ever went broke. In a bankruptcy proceeding, the accountant hired to inventory the physical assets at the main Holman and Moody plant outside Charlotte, N.C. would risk his sanity. The plant has a good stockpile of the latest hot equipment from Ford, and the machinery and gauging devices necessary to refine these items to the point of ultimate efficiency. The value of such modern stock is easily determined, but heaven help the appraiser who has to put a price on all the memorabilia and all the uncataloged bits and pieces that Holman has collected over the years.

Gathering dust at one end of the main building of Holman and Moody there is an open sports car called "The Honker" that was driven unsuccessfully by Andretti a few seasons back on the Can-Am race circuit, where Chevrolet power consistently prevails. Nearby, under the same blanket of dust, there is a once-famous yellow Ford sports coupe, the first of the rare Mark IV breed to win a major endurance race.

Across from the main building there is an aircraft hangar that Holman bought surplus and had reassembled on the plant grounds. Inside the hangar there are a number of spiffy boat hulls that serve primarily as test beds for the marine conversions Holman and Moody make out of basic Ford street engines. The hangar also contains several Ford vehicles that were deliberately hashed in impact tests, as well as a few golf carts that have been dinged up a bit. The golf carts were formerly used in the main plant until employees got to horsing around, doing wheelies in the carts, like hotshot drag-strip drivers. A large part of the hangar floor space is taken up by 70 crumpled English Ford Corinas, damaged in a freighter accident. Holman got them for almost nothing and has already sold half of them to people

who want some kind of topless buggy for use off the public roads.

Outside the hangar there is a stack of 9½-by-15½-foot, heavy-framed glass windows that came out of the State of Wisconsin building at the New York World's Fair—another of those bargains that Holman could not resist. The windows got to the Holman and Moody plant in good condition. Today, however, the windows look as if they had been through the Battle of Stalingrad, and it's all John Holman's fault. Holman loves to operate forklift trucks. A short time ago, while forklifting the huge Wisconsin windows from where they were to where he thought they should be, Holman dropped them. "Employees warned me that the windows were not secure and might fall off," Holman confesses, "but I didn't listen to them. I did a no-no right in front of everybody."

Because his father died when he was young, Holman was obliged to go to work at the age of 15 in his off-school hours. From the mid-1930s through the early '50s he worked for a variety of auto body shops, machine shops and salvage yards in the Greater Los Angeles area, but the occupation most responsible for his later connections with the Ford company was one he undertook on his own. Even in the '30s, before Los Angeles had a super freeway system on which the populace could rumple their cars en masse, a good number of drivers were smashing into each other. As a consequence, in Southern California the demand for used parts—particularly bumpers, grilles, headlights, fenders and paneling—exceeded the supply. In Texas the situation was the opposite. There was an excess of used parts. Although in their big country Texans wore out their cars, in the tired heaps that went to the salvage yards there were many parts almost like new, particularly exterior components that suffered relatively little in the arid climate. On and off, from the late '30s through the early '50s, Holman made a decent, albeit taxing, livelihood trucking through the Southwest, buying car parts cheap and selling them high back in Los Angeles.

In 1952 the Lincoln-Mercury Division of the Ford Motor Company decided to enter a factory team in the annual 2,000-mile Mexican Carrera, a combination road race and survival test that

*continued*



# Argentina \$12 round trip

Get carried away. By Long Distance. You can call almost anywhere in the world, and the cost is low.

Argentina Greece Hong Kong Monaco Portugal, Spain Italy \$12, plus tax, for three minutes is the person-to-person daytime rate to all these spots.

In many countries, even lower day rates and station-to-station and night rates are in effect. For instance, a

three-minute call to England at the station-to-station night rate is only \$5.70, plus tax. Via high-capacity undersea cables, communications satellites and radio facilities, the Bell System carries calls to 96.8% of the world's telephones.

Make yourself heard around the world. By Long Distance.



# WIDE BOO





See the Winners  
go Goodyear in

**WINNING**

A Universal Picture  
in Technicolor  
Panavision

# TS GT

## The low, wide look of action— from Goodyear.

Beautiful. Goodyear's Wide Boots high-performance street tires. In sizes to fit most cars.

Handling? You've never felt anything like it. Check the specs: they're up to a third wider than standard tires with 7 riding ribs, 6 traction grooves.

Reverse molded to lay more rubber where it counts. With low cord angle for better stability. Made with 4 plies of Vytacord polyester cord.

Ask for Wide Tread GT tires. With the big, white "Goodyear" on the side. Get the low, wide look of action.

# GOODYEAR

# The waterproof bourbon

Antique *must* be a cool bourbon. Neither soda, water nor ice can dampen its spirit. That rich Antique aroma and robust flavor just won't be washed away. And that's a refreshing thought when you're all hot and bothered.

A little Antique is a real diffused pleasure



ANTIQUE STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—85 PROOF—5 YEARS OLD  
FARMPORT DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



is no longer held for humanitarian reasons. Lincoln-Mercury needed a good parts man who could also drive a maintenance truck in slam-bang fashion over Mexico's unpredictable roads. John Holman not only filled those requirements but had another strong point in his favor. Even in the poorest Mexican restaurants along the route he could usually keep his food down while those around him were losing theirs. Holman served the winning stock Lincolns in the Mexican ordeals of 1952, '53 and '54, and in one way or another he has been working with high-performance Ford products ever since.

Holman's "senior" partner, Ralph Moody, has been devoted to high-performance vehicles for more than 35 years. Moody's love of racing is easy to explain: as a small child he received a severe blow on the head. It happened this way. In the 1920s Moody's father—Ralph (Pop) Moody Sr.—ran a garage and a construction business in Taunton, Mass. Pop Moody housed the larger vehicles used in his construction business—including a splendid Larrabee truck—in a flimsy shed.

One day, in the absence of his elders, 9-year-old Ralph Moody Jr. decided to start up the Larrabee. Since he weighed less than 80 pounds, it was impossible for him to turn the 18-inch crank of the truck over in the normal manner. After giving each cylinder a dribble of ether to help things along, young Moody stood on the crank handle and pushed down with his feet while he pressed upward against the left headlight with his hands. The Larrabee kicked back hard, sending Moody into the air. He came to a halt with his head and part of his body sticking through the roof of the shed.

To divert his son from any further foolish acts, Pop Moody did absolutely the wrong thing. He gave young Ralph a Model T Ford that did not work. As any sociologist knows, the motor mania that afflicts many 50-year-old American males today can be traced directly to a boyhood association with a barking, chortling, cantankerous, second-hand Model T. After three days of cranking the car—without getting a single burst out of it—Moody discovered why the machine did not work: it had no ignition.

Thinking back on his boyhood now, Moody reckons that before he was old enough to have a driver's license, he

owned about 30 cars—Fords, Chevies, Pontiacs, Buicks, Oaklands, Hudsons, Franklins, Hollywood Grammys, Aurlow DeSotos, floating-power Plymouths and God knows what else. He would tune each of his acquisitions to perfection, then trade it to some other juvenile car nut for a little cash and a classier heap that was not in running condition.

In his prelicense days, young Ralph Moody did his speed work surreptitiously on back roads. Pop Moody approved of any vehicle that served as an honest beast of burden, but he was opposed to speed machines. Ralph Moody particularly remembers the day he was trying out a four-in-line Indian motorcycle. He had just blasted off in the driveway of the Moody home when his father suddenly appeared in the path of the motorcycle. "Get off that thing," Pop Moody commanded, expecting his son to stop. Moody would have stopped except that his only means of braking the machine was by dragging one foot.

"I ran right into Pop," Moody recalls. "Goldang, I really hit him. Knocked him over a hedge." Subsequently, the elder Moody discovered that his son was racing ungodly midget cars on the dirt ovals of New England. For money. The elder Moody kicked up such a fuss in the infield before one race that his son was obliged to summon a cop and have him ejected.

During World War II, Moody served in an M-24 reconnaissance tank, a hard-shelled hunk of vehicle which, despite its wide tracks and twin Caddie engines, could not drag a quarter mile in much less than 32 seconds. After the war Moody went back to the midgets and then into the stock-car whirl, naturally gravitating south of the Mason-Dixon line into the classic land of rumble, tumble and crash. In his early stock days he frequently ran an ordinary gasoline-fed sportsman car in races for hopped-up modified machines. Despite the handicap, he often sat on the pole and he often won, in part because he was a hot driver but more because he was a master of the art of setting a car up for a particular job.

It was largely because of this virtuosity that Moody was taken onto the Ford racing team, for which he drove and mechanized for about a year before the antiracing resolution went into effect. After forming their partnership, Holman and Moody decided they need-

ed to make a name for themselves outside the NASCAR circuit, where their reputations were already well established. The rival USAC circuit was far smaller, but it drew crowds and got attention in the press because in its driving ranks there were a number of the hotso-totsy Indianapolis stars of that time, notably Sam Hanks, Jerry Unser, Jimmy Bryan and Troy Ruttman. In the first year of the Holman-Moody partnership, Moody drove in only seven of the 16 races scheduled by USAC, but still ended second in the driver standings, taking four firsts and a third.

In the first of the big races he won against the Indy stars, Moody was disturbed by the way Troy Ruttman kept cutting deep down into the turns—almost across the infield, as it seemed to Moody. Rather than join in any sort of spooky dice game, Moody simply put his car outside of Ruttman's, and insofar as the rest of the traffic allowed, kept pace with the Indy star. By so doing, he was in effect handicapping himself about a half a car length on each lap, and for sure driving a course that required superior handling. As Moody remembers the race, "I sat on the pole, but old Ruttman was the hot dog of the race. When I saw him running across the grass, bouncing all over, I just thought 'to hell with him, I'll just run outside.' He never got away from me, and the crowd was going wild. About 15 laps to go, I just squirted out in front. After the race John Holman asked Ruttman, 'How do you like racing country style?' and Ruttman was so goddam mad he could have killed somebody."

Last year the Ford cars prepared by Holman and Moody won the manufacturer's championship on both the NASCAR and the USAC circuits and are a good bet to repeat. David Pearson, whose car is both prepared and crewed by Holman and Moody personnel, won the NASCAR driver's title and is leading in championship points again this year. "I expect a lot of people would like to know why Holman and Moody are the best in the business," Pearson observes. "About the most I can say is that the men in their shop are the best you can hire. When I get out on a track I really feel like there isn't supposed to be anybody out there who can beat me when I'm in a Holman-Moody car."

END

# AVAST, BELAY AND PRETTY PLEASE

There was a time when skippers could be choosy about crews, but with so many owning boats and needing help today a racing sailor will do anything to get a good deckhand

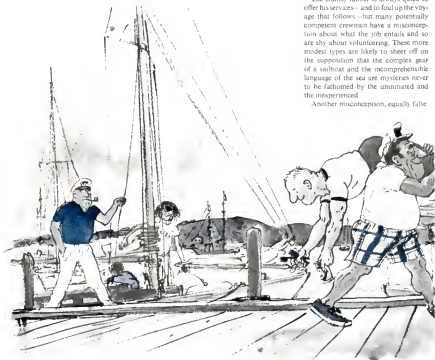
by HUGH D. WHALL

In the days before the seas became clogged with affluence, the opportunity to serve as crew aboard a racing sailboat, large or small, was a privilege eagerly sought and only cautiously granted. Those who wished to sail and could not afford a boat hung about yacht clubs hungrily seeking a skipper kind enough to give them a berth for a transatlantic fortnight—or even an afternoon around the buoys. Skippers then could afford to pick and choose before signing on a man, and they generally demanded a high degree of competence.

Now all that has changed. Mass-produced yachts, unlimited expense accounts, inflated money and conspicuous consumption have made it possible for everyone to be his own skipper. So who is left to crew? The answer, in the language of the old school, is "damn few and skinny at that."

The clumsy lubber is always quick to offer his services—and to foul up the voyage that follows—but many potentially competent crewmen have a misconception about what the job entails and so are shy about volunteering. These more modest types are likely to sheer off on the supposition that the complex gear of a sailboat and the incomprehensible language of the sea are mysteries never to be fathomed by the uninitiated and the inexperienced.

Another misconception, equally false



is that crewing is a job only slightly less menial than picking cotton. Actually, some of the world's best racing crewmen are the best racing skippers, and many fine skippers like to return to crewing from time to time as a change of pace.

Veteran ocean racer Arnie Gray is one skipper who often abandons his own quarterdeck to labor on another man's boat. He's perfectly happy to set a spinnaker, steer, reef, tie, grind a winch or serve as ship's cook, and he does them all superbly. Peter Barrett, a silver-medal Finn class skipper in the 1964 Olympics, served as crewman aboard a Star four years later and helped Lowell North win his gold medal. The American 5.5 entry at Acapulco last year had two champion U.S. skippers, Stuart Walker and Steve Colgate, aboard as crewmen.

To Colgate, crewing is a challenge just like skippering. "A good crewman," he says, "is not there just to take orders and pull strings. He's far more important than that. On a small boat he should keep his eye on practically everything so as to let the skipper concentrate on steering the boat at its fastest." The ideal small-boat crewman, according to Colgate, would be an octopus with the patience of Captain Ahab and the brain of a computer.

Few skippers will be lucky enough to sign on this fabulous creature but,

on the other hand, few skippers really need him. Some craft, like that Stradivarius of racing dinghies, the International 14, demand crewmen who majored in mechanical engineering and starred on the gym team, but others are less exacting.

If you're only reasonably bright, like the water and enjoy a challenge, you too can be a crew. The best way to get started is to seek out the skipper of a Lightning or some such boat—a skipper who undoubtedly needs a hand—express your willingness to serve and jump aboard. If you learn—and you will learn—to handle yourself well and to take orders on a lively centerboard that carries a spinnaker, you will be able to handle yourself on any boat anywhere.

It is a maxim of the sea that anyone who can sail a small boat can sail a big boat, but the converse is not necessarily true. What the Lightning and a competent skipper will teach a novice first and foremost is that the essential element in crewing is common sense.

Oddly enough, this is a lesson that often has to be learned. It does not come naturally. Take winches. Practically every winch is made to turn clockwise. It is as natural for most men to turn things clockwise as it is for them to work right-handed. They wind their watches clockwise, they put in screws clockwise. Yet set them on a boat and tell them to throw a line around a winch and they'll wind it counterclockwise everytime. "Why?" you ask—or rather shout—at them. "Oh," they'll explain, "my back was to the bow," or "It was on the port side of the boat so I thought it should go on left-handed."

Aboard a boat, a soundly educated engineer who would never think of building a house from the attic down will suffer a sudden sea change and hank a job to a forestay starting at the top instead of the bottom. Intelligent men will hoist sails upside down, stuff long battens into short pockets, hold their heads high when a boom with the wallop of a ball bat comes sweeping across the cockpit and toss anchors overboard with no rode attached to them. On a boat a man who carefully secures his \$5 watch against careless loss will casually leave a \$50 winch handle lying on deck only slippery inches away from 30 fathoms of water.

One can, I suppose, read in a book about how not to do these things, but

the best teachers are a kindly skipper's sudden maniac fury, an acre of loose sail taking charge in a puff of wind or a nearly cracked skull.

Thus we see the case for simple common sense. But other homely virtues are of almost equal importance. One of the simplest of these—particularly offshore—is tidiness. Carleton Mitchell, the three-time Bermuda race winner, insisted on keeping his trim little *Finisterre* as immaculate at all times as his Park Avenue apartment. Nobody knew better than Mitch how discouraging it is to come off watch dead tired and find someone else's wet sock hugging your only dry sweater. On one of the Bermuda runs a *Finisterre* crewman who failed to understand this persisted in leaving his belongings wherever they dropped. Mitchell finally warned him to mend his ways on pain of seeing the whole lot heaved overboard. The crewman began to believe that Mitchell meant what he said when he saw his wardrobe flying into the sea. Does that make Mitch a Captain Bligh? Not in the eyes of most sailors.

A racing skipper who knows his business and is firm about his command is as welcome at sea as a sound bottom even if, like the bottom, he sometimes gets a bit crusty. One of the toughest and most capable sailors afloat is Finnish-born Sven Joffa, the professional who commands Huey Long's *Odin* when the owner is not aboard. Joffa doesn't believe in pampering his amateur crewmen and he is not above applying a firm foot to a slothful backside. Last year when *Odin* was skirting the frigid wastes of Antarctica on her way to the Sydney-Hobart race, freezing hands on watch constantly sought Joffa's permission to seek shelter beneath the cockpit dodger. Joffa just as constantly refused it, grunting that the watch was there to keep an eye out and not to hulk himself into drowsy comfort. There was grumbling, of course. There always is. But when the huge ketch's big mainmast snapped off in a wild blow on the same trip, miles and miles from anywhere, Joffa's sound seamanship and calm, firm command as he set the crew to work clearing the wreckage were like a father's hand to a lost and frightened child.

There are few situations in the world where men are more dependent on each other or more likely to get in each other

continued



er's way and on each other's nerves than aboard an oceangoing sailboat. It is an atmosphere that puts a high premium on morale and good nature. In years of sailing, the fellow crewmen I remember most fondly are those who, in one way or another, added something special to the vitally important store of goodwill aboard.

Take, for example, Simeon Bull, with whom I sailed a Fastnet race in 1959. Simeon came from an ancient and honorable family of the kind that breeds Englishmen who insist on dressing for dinner in the jungle. Simeon himself was not a stickler for form. As a matter of fact, he couldn't care less, but he did like to sleep in flannel pajamas. No possible combination of wind and weather could deter Simeon from the nightly ritual of donning those pajamas. One night in particular a howling gale struck, soaking and wracking our boat and everything and everyone in it. All of us watched fascinated as Simeon, undismayed by these circumstances, prepared for bed. First he wriggled out of his foul-weather suit—something like a wet strait-jacket—and peeled off several layers of soporific sweaters, shirts, pants and socks. Then, his hands long since blue with cold, he reached for his pajamas, which were by then, of course, soggy lumps of wet flannel. Carefully and precisely, Simeon wrung them out as dry as the conditions allowed, donned them daintily, slid in between a pair of wet sheets half-stiffened by salt, and—teeth still chattering—fell into innocent sleep.

How in the face of such magnificent unconcern could the rest of us fret over our little discomforts?

There was another heroic morale-builder on that same race. His name was Louie and he suffered, chronically and violently, from seasickness. It is in most cases a terrible, demoralizing thing to watch a fellow crewman disintegrate in self-pity under the impact of *mal de mer*, but Louie made a positive virtue of his ailment. Suddenly but quietly in the midst of breakfast, lunch or dinner at the wildly swinging cabin table, he would wash down a final mouthful of cold ravioli with a swig of beer and say with impeccable manners, "I beg your pardon, but would you mind letting me out for a second?" Because we all knew where he was bound we would step aside hastily as Louie made his way on deck. In a minute or two he would return, his

face as green as the sea. "Now, where was I?" he'd continue, chugalugging another beer.

Louie is one of those sailors, dear to every skipper's heart, who sign on as crew every chance they get because—for reasons known only to themselves—they actually like it. They like the opportunity to abandon a warm bunk at midnight, don wet clothes and fight their way to a deck swept by wind and rain to do battle with Dacron that feels like icy sheet iron. They like to spend their Sunday afternoons hiking out to windward on a racing dinghy with an ache burning the small of their backs like a branding iron. An inch of relaxation might cure the ache, but it might cost their skipper a second at the windward mark as well, so they don't try it.

There are men like these in ports all over the world, in Capetown and Gibraltar, in Papeete, Newport Beach, Miami and Marblehead, Mass., men—young men mostly—who are footloose, fancy-free and eager to sign on any boat going anywhere. Take Des Kearns, for instance. Supporting himself with skimpy checks for bits he sends to yachting magazines, this young Australian has crisscrossed the Pacific, raced to Bermuda, rounded the Horn in a small sloop just for the fun of it, sailed from Greece to Australia, got wrecked off Antaresca with *Odwyn*, and has still not reached 30.

Another member of this vagrant sailing fraternity was wandering through Greece one day when he heard that an American yacht was in port looking for a crewman. He had always wanted to go to the U.S., so he sought out her skipper. "Sure, we need a hand," the skipper told him, "but you got things wrong. We're not headed back to the States, we're going to Australia." "That's O.K.," said the happy vagrant and signed on.

Some of these compulsive deckhands are regarded so highly that skipper planning a race or cruise will send halfway across a world or a continent to get them. Generally in straitened circumstances, they will sign on for what are called their tickets; i.e., the skipper will send them air fare from here to there and pay any bar bills incurred on the way.

Only thus can the skipper be sure of what he is getting in the way of skilled assistance, for signing on a crew can be a chancy business. The sea has a way of

attracting as many wrongoes as right guys and there is often no way to tell the difference until the anchor is weighed. A certain successful middle-aged businessman, whose name is best left unspoken, can and does spin a rosy yarn with the best of them in yacht club bars all over the country. He owns a small cruising boat of his own and has sailed aboard others on numerous ocean races. He has learned to bark orders with the authority of Horatio Hornblower and is full of knowledgeability about rigging, navigation, pilotage, racing tactics and marlinespike seamanship. He seemingly possesses all the qualities of a first-class crewman—until you put to sea with him.

As one such ill-fated voyage began, with our vessel sliding out to sea beyond land's protection, this crusty old shellback was suddenly transformed into a jellyfish. For the next four days, bundled in foul-weather gear against wind and waves that he rarely even saw, this seagoing lump lay about down below, moaning on the cabin floor or whimpering in a bunk he had appropriated just as its rightful occupant was coming off watch stiff with cold and well-earned fatigue. It was a tribute to the other crewmen sailing with him that instead of throwing him overboard they really felt some pity for this creature.

When we made a landfall and the seas flattened out under a benign sun, the jellyfish suddenly became a man again. Shucking his dirty clothes, shaving, donning a sweater with a natty embroidered flag over the left breast, he stepped jauntily out on deck and rapped out advice to the bedraggled crew as though nothing had happened. "Better change that vang," he suggested smartly. "We ought to have the spinnaker up, skipper." Then to the startled helmsman, "I'll steer, here you take the mainsheet." When the helmsman declined the offer, he strutted fore and aft, apparently oblivious of the none-too-subtle remarks tossed in his direction.

I never saw him after we got in, but it is easy to envision him recalling to some rap audience how hard it blew that night and what advice he gave the watch captain. Oddest of all, one could almost understand a listener's belief in him and his tales. Soon he would be getting another invitation to sail an ocean race, an invitation he would, of course, accept.

I hope I'm not on board.

END

# The Legend of 100 Pipers

Legend has it that  
if you sip a  
good Scotch  
you hear one Piper.  
If the Scotch  
is mellow,  
two or three Pipers.  
If smooth, five  
or six.  
But if the Scotch  
is truly noble,  
you'll hear  
one hundred Pipers  
gently piping.

Seagram captured  
this legend in a  
bottle and named it  
100 Pipers Scotch.

We don't  
ask you to swallow  
the legend. Just  
a sip now and then  
of the taste  
that matches it.



**Seagram's 100 Pipers Scotch.**  
**Taste that matches legend.**

Every drop bottled in Scotland at 40 Proof. Blended  
Scotch Whisky. Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.



# NATURAL ENEMY OF WILD CATS

Fashionable ladies who wouldn't hurt a tabby are killing off the jungle cats for love of their skins. Concerned sportsmen and furrier Jacques Kaplan are trying to change all this by VIRGINIA KRAFT

The mortal enemy of wild cats—all wild cats, but especially the leopard, the jaguar and the cheetah—is rich women. This fact was established, none too politely, at an international conference on game conservation held in Monaco last year. At least a quarter of the women present were adorned with some form of wild cat. Princess Grace did leave her leopard coat back at the palace but turned up wearing a belt of cat's claws under her mink.

Outraged at the display and undaunted by the presence of royalty, Tony Dyer, president of the East African Professional Hunters Association, exhorted the ladies. "Hide your coats! All you out there in suits and dresses and articles made of the very animals we are trying to preserve! Take them off and throw them away!"

Jacques Kaplan, chairman of the board of Georges Kaplan, Paris and New York house of high fur fashion, went Dyer one better. He ran a four-column ad in *The New York Times* which began, "If you respect life, wait 20 years before you buy your next leopard coat from us," and proceeded to announce

his refusal to sell any more leopard and cheetah coats.

In spite of such dramatic pleas, it is doubtful that very many spotted furs were tossed into trash cans or that those ladies with their hearts set on leopard were unable to find another furrier. But when the second International Big Game Hunters and Fishermen Conference was held recently in San Antonio, there was a noticeable absence of wild-animal skins in the audience. A way-out array of non-wild, nonendangered skins had replaced them, and a smile had replaced the frown on Tony Dyer's face.

The concern of Dyer and Kaplan and most conservationists for the big cats is not without cause. For more than a decade the wild cats of the world have been having a rough time of it. Encroaching civilization is partly at fault, of course, but neither civilization nor sports hunting can be blamed for more than a small share of the kill. The single most formidable threat to the survival of the cats, as well as to the survival of a number of other wild creatures, is posed by the women who create the demand for skins and thus keep poachers in business.

With the exception of one tiger-skin jacket and an odd stole or two, it is doubtful that the animals used to make any of the various coats, jackets, hats, handbags and bits of jewelry worn at the Monaco conference were taken on actual hunts under sporting conditions. More likely, these animals, along with the leopard,

and, cheetah, ocelot and jaguar skins displayed in the windows of even the most circumspect furrier, were taken illegally, and indiscriminately, by poachers.

A leopard coat requires the carefully matched skins of five to seven animals. Few sportsmen can claim five or six leopards even in a lifetime of hunting, much less animals with matching skins. There are a few—very few—commercial ranchers now raising various big cats for the fur market, but even if their total production were 10 times what it is, they could not begin to meet the current demand for skins. And the demand has rocketed in the last several years, thanks to such luminaries as Barbra Streisand and the new Mrs. Onassis and the former Miss Kelly, all of whom have made spotted coats the *ne plus ultra* of haute couture.

In the city of Nairobi alone some 1,200 leopard and cheetah skins were sold on the open market in 1967. Last year that figure soared to 5,000 skins and the total will go even higher when sales for the final weeks in 1968 are tallied. The total number of leopards taken in Kenya by sportsmen hunting on licenses—the proceeds of which go directly back into game conservation—was only 1,100 of the number of leopard skins sold during the same period.

It is obvious that the animals, the government and the sportsmen are all losers, and that they will continue to be as long as poaching is profitable. At the moment, alas, it is very profitable indeed.

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIP LICH AR

AS A SYMBOL of women's fascination for feline furs, Alberta Tibbatts, washed in Sumatran leopard, poses against a zebra-skin backdrop in Jacques Kaplan's New York apartment. She is surrounded by borrowed rugs, shawls, pillows and accessories made from the skins of tiger, ocelot, jaguar and cheetah.

it  
tastes  
expensive  
...and is.



**Maker's Mark**  
WHISKY  
ESTABLISHED 1825  
BOTTLED IN 1985  
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS  
40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF)

Made from an original old style  
sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels,  
fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

Also available in Limited Edition at 101 proof.

80 proof - Blue Bell Distilling Co. 101 proof - James Watson Distillery



The deck is  
stacked in your  
favor when you  
follow Charles  
Goren's lead—  
regularly, in  
SPORTS  
ILLUSTRATED.



**ONE  
SPRAY**  
FRESHENS BREATH  
INSTANTLY.

**Binaca®**  
CONCENTRATED GOLDEN BREATH SPRAY

#### BIG CATS *continued*

It is, in fact, the single most lucrative and thriving underground business in every area where the big cats still survive. Nor is the problem limited just to cats. Wherever there are wild creatures unfortunate enough to grow hides or hair or wool or whiskers that women covet, poaching becomes a major destructive force.

Widespread efforts have been made to eliminate or at least reduce poaching in many parts of the world—in Florida where illegal alligator trade is rife, in South America where the vicuña is the victim, throughout the far-flung ranges of the big cats—but most efforts have failed. For every poacher who is caught and put out of business, there are 10 more ready to take over his trade.

The fact that leopard coats currently sell for as high as \$20,000 has been no deterrent for the ladies. For the poacher it is a major incentive. And for the leopard it means oblivion. The effect is circular, the scarcer the skin, the greater the demand, the greater the price, the higher the price, the heavier the poaching activity; the heavier the poaching activity, the scarcer the skin.

"One solution," says Jacques Kaplan, "is to put every woman in spots." This is not by any means an about-face by Kaplan, whose stand on the side of the big cats drew some 20,000 letters of praise from the public and some multi-barreled blasts from other furrers. ("To put it mildly," says one Kaplan employee, "the other furrers sort of like hated our guts!") Rather, Kaplan has been hard at work developing new furs from domestically bred or plentiful animals which can be dyed and stenciled to duplicate the look and feel of cat fur.

Unlike Kaplan's informal showing of fun furs at the San Antonio conference—which featured such unendangered but spotless exotics as ermine, mink, golden Ethiopian monkey, gray African kid and Mongolian lamb—his next major showing, in September, will be entirely of spotted furs, not one of which is wild. According to Kaplan, his new pseudo-spots are so realistic they would fool even a leopard. At \$800 to \$1,000, their price tags are as realistically cool as the cats.

Kaplan's idea is one way to take pressure off wild cats. Another is action at government level. Most of the countries, including our own, that produce or trade

in cat skins have been notoriously negligent about import-export regulations. In most cases it has been easier to look the other way than to take on a powerful and articulate fur lobby. But, first at Monaco and again at San Antonio, Game Conservation International, the nucleus of both conferences, has demonstrated that it, too, has a voice.

It was heard early this year, in the form of a cable to the heads of governments all over the world, outlining a six-point program to fight poaching of the big cats. Basically the program urges that: 1) the feline-skin trade in each supplying country be funneled through a single channel in that country; 2) profits from that channel be returned directly to wildlife management authorities of the countries; 3) individual furrers in all countries declare and mark their entire stocks of cat skins and products within a prescribed amnesty period; 4) cat-producing countries stop the import of feline skins and products into their countries, thus making the import and re-export of illegal skins impossible; 5) an advertising campaign be undertaken throughout the world aimed at discouraging the manufacture of articles made of cat skins and products; and 6) every hunter, and especially every hunter's wife, begin a personal campaign to stop the practice of using feline skins and products for decorations and clothing.

Similar proposals recommending trade bans on other endangered animals were sent to the governments of Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Portugal, Belgium, France, China, the Soviet Union and the Tadjik Soviet Socialist Republic. Exactly how closely even the most cooperative governments will listen to the recommendations of the council remains to be seen. But there was no question in the minds of the delegates as to the potential of the voice that was heard at the Texas meeting. What began only three years ago as the soft-spoken dream of a Texan named Harry Tenssion and grew less than a year later into Game Conservation International—better known as Game Coin—drew some 900 delegates from 53 countries to San Antonio and gave every indication of fast becoming a most vital and vibrant champion of the world's wildlife. Clearly it had already challenged the ladies in its midst and won. And if the ladies will listen, can the governments be far behind?

END





**Mr. Tough Guy.**

**Mr. Nice Guy.**

## Jeep<sup>®</sup> 4-wheel drive The 2-Car Cars.



Put your camper on the new 132" wheelbase 'Jeep' Gladiator... even a big family-size rig... and say goodbye, crowds! Hills... brush... swamp... sand... nothing stops this combination of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive and V-8 power (both standard). It's tougher than an angry grizzly bear! Detach your camper, and this 8,000 lb. GVW Gladiator is ready to tackle any job... big or small. With options like power brakes and steering, automatic transmission, air conditioning, you'll think you're driving a family car. Test drive the new Gladiator, or any of the 2-Car Cars, at your 'Jeep' dealer. 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. You've got to drive it to believe it.

KARLEN JEP CORPORATION

See your 'Jeep' dealer for authorized 'Jeep' parts, equipment and service

## A dark horse was trottin' for Haughton

**Goshen's venerable week started badly for Billy Haughton, but his luck changed with a gay blade**

With a tug and a swirl of red cloth, the little statue was unveiled. The assembled spectators oohed and aahed, and Billy Haughton, one of harness racing's master trainers and drivers, told everyone how proud he was to become a member of the sport's Hall of Fame there in Goshen, N.Y. It was a proper little ceremony, but a couple of members of Haughton's family looked at the statue with some dismay.

"Oh, dear," said Haughton's blonde wife, Dorothy, "it doesn't look like him at all, does it?"

"It's the eyes," said 14-year-old Peter Haughton. "The eyes are sorta funny."

It was not the eyes, but the wide, smiling mouth that harness racing's patron saint, E. Roland Harriman, chose to comment on. "I'm sure," said Harriman mischievously, "that that's the smile he had on his face yesterday when his colt jumped off stride."

The race Mr. Harriman was kidding Haughton about was the final heat of the E. H. Harriman Challenge Cup for 2-year-old trotters, the feature event of Tuesday's Grand Circuit meeting at Goshen's ancient Historic Track. Leading strongly with the finish line only tantalizing yards away, Haughton's Keystone Brian inexplicably went off stride, allowing Stanley Dancer to send Nevele Rascal past for the victory.

That was the way Haughton's luck had been going at Goshen, the village where the dear hearts and gentle people have been racing harness horses with high purpose for more than 130 years. On Monday's opening card, no fewer

than 11 horses carried Haughton's green-white-gold silks to the post—and none came back a winner.

But on Wednesday, along came Arthur Nardin, an extrovert from North Bay Village, Fla., to watch Haughton drive his Hambletonian nominee, Nardin's Gayblade, in the three heats of the Historic-Dickerson Cup for 3-year-old trotters. As Nardin was saying, he had brought what Haughton needed—luck.

"I'm the luckiest owner in racing," said Nardin, who is something of a gay blade himself. He told how he had purchased three horses for \$5,400 and at the latest reckoning had gotten back better than \$1.5 million on his investment. "You've got to be pretty lucky to do that," he said.

As any of the local experts would have been perfectly willing to tell him, however, Nardin's Gayblade did not have much chance to win the Dickerson Cup, even though most of the top Hambletonian prospects were missing from the grounds. (The current favorite, Dayan, was in Ohio to race at Scooto Downs.) At Goshen the favorite was Lindy's Pride, a smooth, steady colt being brought along patiently by Howard Beissinger for Lindy Farms, Inc. of Lindenhurst, N.Y. In only two starts this year Lindy's Pride had twice finished second to Dayan. "The mistake some fellows make is to ask too much too soon," said Beissinger. "I've brought him along slow and easy within himself."

The knowledgeable farmers and horsemen who make up most of a typical crowd at Historic Track bet Lindy's Pride down to 3 to 5 for the first heat of the Historic-Dickerson. Lindy trailed a colt named Voltère Hanover through the first quarter mile. Then Beissinger quickly moved into the lead, which he never relinquished. On the final turn Haughton tried to make a race of it with Nardin's Gayblade but, as Haughton said, "My horse just hung."

In the second heat Lindy's Pride took the lead going into the first turn, with Haughton dropping Nardin's Gayblade in behind. Again Lindy's Pride had the lead going into the final turn. But then Beissinger's worst fear was realized—Lindy's Pride broke stride. Finding himself all alone on the lead, Haughton coasted under the wire. At last he had

gotten a break—literally—and up in the box Arthur Nardin was smiling. "Things always break right for me," said Nardin unabashedly. "Now we've got a chance at it."

The final heat was between only Lindy's Pride and Nardin's Gayblade. Back at the barn a quarter crack was discovered in Lindy's left front hoof—sufficient reason to scratch him from the final heat—but Beissinger had him patched together, then headed for Chicago to race other horses in his stable. Lindy's Pride was placed in the hands of Stanley Dancer.

"Hey, Stanley," yelled a fan, "if half the field breaks, you'll be all right."

Heading into the first turn of the final heat, Dancer maneuvered Lindy's Pride from the outside post position into the lead. The pace was so ridiculously slow through the first half mile—38.1 seconds for the quarter and 1:16.1 for the half—that some of the fans were laughing out loud. The pace picked up on the backstretch, and Lindy's Pride held the lead into the final turn. "He broke," gasped the railbirds, and, sure enough, Lindy's Pride was off stride, bobbing his head up and down as Dancer fought to bring him under control. Haughton and Nardin's Gayblade were easy winners in the incredibly slow time of 2:20.3.

"I don't know what's wrong with him," Dancer said. "He jumped in the second heat, too, and he almost did in the first heat. I was looking forward to it, I had a nice hold on him, but there was nothing I could do about it."

As for Haughton, his luck had finally changed for the better, as Nardin said it would, but there was some smart thinking and sound trotting involved in his victory, too. "I figured that, if Lindy's Pride was in front, he would jump again," said Haughton. "That's the reason the pace was so slow, Stanley wanted to get behind me, but I wouldn't let him, my colt does better coming from behind anyway. Lindy's Pride was rough going into the turn and then he jumped, like I thought he would."

On the way back to the paddock, Haughton heard a young fan yell, "You got lucky, Billy." This time the smile was so big and so wide that the Hall of Fame statuette was a very good likeness, indeed.



## Remington introduces a smaller electric for a smaller office.

Remington realizes that not all offices are big. So we built a fully electric compact typewriter that's perfect for smaller offices.

The Remington® 713 typewriter.

Priced under \$300.

The new 713 is tough. Its cover is almost indestructible and its working parts are made of tempered carbon steel.

The new 713 is versatile, too. It can handle oversized typing jobs because it's got a 13-inch paper capacity. As an option the 713 has Extra-Type, to let you add special type faces for math, medical and engineering terms and foreign languages.

So whether you use the new 713 in a small office or a big office, you'll find it's simple to type on, simple to service, simple to afford. Call your Remington representative today.

From typewriters and duplicators to copiers and calculators, we're making business work simpler by making business machines simple to work.



**REMINGTON RAND**  
OFFICE MACHINES DIVISION

We're making business a lot simpler.

## Who's on first? Second? Third?

With people in the lineup that only their mothers would recognize, the Richie Allen-less Phillies tore the league apart—for eight days

Tony Taylor was the only player who remembered the last time a mob of Philadelphians had come out to the airport in the early-morning hours to welcome the Phillies back home. That was in 1961, after the team had lost 23 straight games, and it was then that Pitcher Frank Sullivan, who was not sure about the mob's intentions, warned the deploring Phillies: "Spread out, guys, so they can't get all of us with one shot."

Last Thursday the Phillies returned home to another early-morning airport reception, but this time there was no question about the mood of the people. The Phillies were conquering heroes now, a team that had valiantly overcome startling odds to win nine straight games on the road, and the 22 players walked the plunk single file. The people were saying, in effect, "We luv ya, Phils!" There was not a single shot.

The situation throughout that victory streak was this: The Phillies—on paper

and on the field—were really an expansion team, "the only 100-year-old expansion team in baseball," as Mike Ryan, their catcher, said. Their regulars were nowhere to be seen during the streak. Richie Allen was over at Monmouth Park, watching his racehorses arrive at the finish line even later than he usually got to the ball park before he was suspended. Johnny Callison was in the press box humoring a pulled groin muscle. Chris Short, the best left-handed pitcher in Philadelphia history, was in bed recovering from a back operation that will keep him inactive until next spring. Deron Johnson, the sometime long-ball hitter, had a hamstring injury, and both Rick Wise, the fine young pitcher, and Don Money, the rookie shortstop, were away defending the country with the military reserves.

Confronted with this name-dropping crisis, Manager Bob Skinner immediately formed a conglomerate of fuzzy

cheeks, minor league veterans and undistinguished major league pensioners, pointed them in the direction of home plate and said something like, "O.K., fellas, go get 'em," hoping of course that they would not get maimed in the process. These new Phillies began to call themselves the Clearwater Bombers (after the famed softball team from the Florida city in which the Phillies train each spring) and they liked to joke that some ballplayers were making more money than all eight of them combined.

Tony Taylor, a good handyman, took Allen's glove (but not his salary) and tried to play first base. "Richie's glove was too big and too heavy," Taylor said, "so I borrowed one from Bobby Wine when we were in Montreal. I will give it back to Bobby pretty soon, I think." Terry Harmon replaced Money at shortstop and Ricardo Joseph, whose main claim to distinction was that he once quieted cantankerous Jim Coates with a sharp, accurate punch, moved in at third. "This is like the Winter League this playing every day," Joseph said. "I always play every day down there, one position today, another tomorrow. I always hit down there, too."

The Bombers' outfield consisted of Johnny Briggs in left, Larry Hsieh, a rookie, in center and Ron Stone, twice an American League reject, in right. Briggs, 25, has occupied a prominent position on the Philadelphia bench for the last five years and it was no real surprise that neither Montreal nor San Diego selected him in the expansion draft. Hsieh, 22, will be a superior player or someday. He has fine actions at bat and in the field, but he lacks confidence. "Larry carries his poiselessness too far," Skinner says. Hsieh is a worrier, and early this season he left a game with a case of "acute anxiety."

Stone, 27, also lacks confidence. After the Phillies obtained him from the Orioles in a trade for Catcher Clay Dalrymple, he had an impressive spring and opened the season in left. But he fielded poorly and soon he could not hit either. "I'm playing now that Callison's hurt," he said, "but as soon as his 21 days on the disabled list are over, I'll be back on the bench. I don't like the damn bench."

The Bombers have the same catcher the Phillies had—sturdy, dependable Mike Ryan who played for the Red Sox in the 1967 World Series. Ryan couldn't



WHILE BOB SKINNER LAUGHED AT THE FATES, RICH ALLEN LOST AT THE TRACK

hit the weight of his mitt until Skinner changed his batting style. Now he stands almost like Dick McAuliffe and takes short, choppy swings at the ball. His average still is not much, but he has nine home runs and 32 RBIs so far.

With Short and Wise unavailable for duty, the Bombers have had to use a Big Five of Grant Jackson, Woody Fryman, Jerry Johnson, Lowell Palmer and Billy Champion. Both Champion and Palmer started the 1969 season with Eugene of the Pacific Coast League. For bullpen soppers the Bombers have Al Ralfo and John Boozer, two more recent pickups from Eugene. Since the Phillie bench or the Bombers' lineup, their only real reserve player is Dave Watkins, a catcher who says he will play anywhere.

The Bombers played their first National League game two weeks ago in New York. The old Phillies had lost a doubleheader to the Mets the previous day, and Skinner—minus Allen, Callison, Johnson, Short, Wise and Money—had no reason to expect the situation to improve.

For a while it did not. The Bombers were losing 5-0 to the Mets in the sixth inning when Watkins, playing third base in the emergency, hit a home run and then a triple to help win a game that Boozer saved in the bottom of the 10th inning. Jackson won the second game with a four-hit shutout against New York. Moving to Montreal, the Bombers swept a four-game series with a new expansion team—the Expos—as Hule had seven hits and six RBIs. Briggs hit a grand-slam home run, Joseph drove in four runs in one game and Palmer pitched a shutout.

The Bombers then invaded Pittsburgh where, after Boozer registered his third save in seven games, things took a desperate turn in the second game when the Pirates scored four quick runs against Jackson. The Bombers rallied for six runs in the fourth inning, with Harmon and Joseph driving in two runs apiece, and went on to win 7-4.

The road trip came to an end with a 14-4 win over Pittsburgh. The Bombers returned to Philadelphia only to become, sadly, the Phillies again. They lost four out of five to Gene Mauch's expansion Expos. Still, they were not being booed. Only regulars, apparently, get that treatment. As one man said, "These guys may lose a game or two but they will never quit." Cheers to that.

6WD

20674

41349

**TWICE  
THE MILEAGE**



**TWICE  
AS SAFE**



**TWICE  
THE RIDE**

the DELTA  
**DURAGLAS**  
WIDE BELTED TIRE  
made with  
**DYNACOR**



The Delta Duraglas is constructed with two flexible belts of Fiberglass reinforcement over a body of dynamic Dynacor high-tensile, super-strength rayon. This perfect combination gives the tire more hold on the road and more resistance to impact damage than conventional tires. Less stress, less wear, less noise and up to twice the mileage, too.

Ordinary-ply tires can't compare with this tire that's strong like a brawny tank tread, yet rides like a cushioned dream!

Over 25,000 Delta Dealers in the U.S. — Check the Yellow Pages for the one nearest you.

© High tensile, super strength rayon cord



**Delta**

DELTA TIRE CORPORATION • DETROIT MICHIGAN 48235

# MIT

179th Consecutive  
Quarterly Dividend

\$15.5 million, equal to  
10.8 cents a share, to  
210,267 shareholders

Payable: July 25, 1969  
Record: June 30, 1969

**Massachusetts**

**Investors Trust**

200 Berkeley Street  
Boston, Mass. 02116

**TIP IT...TAP IT...**  
**ONE DROP FRESHENS**  
**BREATH INSTANTLY!**



The Peace Corps  
Washington, D. C. 20525

- ☐ Please send me information  
☐ Please send me an application

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

TENNIS / Kim Chapin

## Another redheaded league

Only Rod Laver and Don Budge have pulled off Grand Slams. Now, after his fourth Wimbledon title, Laver hopes to Slam again

A few months ago, before this year's tennis season began, Rod Laver said, "Seeing a player win the Grand Slam is something that happens only once in a lifetime." At the moment that seemed a reasonable enough statement. Don Budge, an American redhead, had first done it in 1938, and in 1962 an Australian redhead—Laver—swept the titles of Australia, France, England and the United States. Indeed, there was almost a full lifetime between the two accomplishments, for Laver was barely a month old when Budge completed his Slam. After last week, however, Laver is going to have to revise his estimates. Unless something highly unlikely occurs between now and the U.S. Open at Forest Hills in September, Rod Laver is going to win the Slam for an unprecedented second time.

It is not Laver's triumph at Wimbledon—for the fourth time—that provokes such a prediction, but rather the way he won. In his final three matches of the Wimbledon fortnight Laver established himself head and shoulders, and a bit of the torso too, above the current rank of active players. Beneath him there are three or four guys slugging it out for second place, and nothing more. In Saturday's final round Laver, who will be 31 next month, played Australian John Newcombe, who was 25 two months ago, and the pattern of that match gave a clear indication of Laver's superiority. Merely by the threat of his well-rounded, all-court game, Laver forces his opponents to beat themselves nearly as much as he himself provides the winning shots.

Laver won the title match, really, in the seventh game of the third set. Although he had clearly dominated the match to that point, the scoreboard showed that Newcombe was slightly ahead. They had split the first two sets mainly because Newcombe—all credit due—had forced Laver to play the kind

of game he least likes, and early in the third set the younger Aussie had gotten a vital service break and then stretched his lead to 4-1. Laver held his service at 15, and Newcombe went to serve the crucial game. If he could hold his service he would have a 5-2 lead and almost certainly would win the set. If he lost he would irrevocably forfeit the momentum he had gained.

On the first point Laver hit a blistering backhand that forced a half-volley error from Newcombe. Love-15. On the second point Laver passed Newcombe with a short, dipping cross-court backhand. Love-30. On the third point Laver teed off on a short second service and passed Newcombe with a backhand down the line. Love-40. Newcombe saved one break point with a superb first service, but at 15-40 Newcombe, who had been pressing on his service



LAVER BACKHAND WON CRUCIAL GAME

all afternoon, came up with one of his nine double faults of the match to give Laver the game. Laver won five more games in a row and coasted the rest of the way to win 6-4, 5-7, 6-4, 6-4 neatly, surgically and very decisively.

With characteristic blandness, Laver said of that key game, "I played it well." Newcombe was more explicit. "I knew he would pull out all the stops," he said, "and I tried to pull out something extra, too. But nothing came."

The match ended what was the most enjoyable Wimbledon—on the men's side—since the 1930s. The women's singles was one of the worst, but national pride made up for it when Ann Jones—a lefty like Laver—provided England with its first singles champion since Angela Mortimer's victory in 1961. In the process Ann defeated Margaret Smith Court in the semifinal round 10-12, 6-3, 6-2 and halted the tall Australian's bid to become the first women's Grand Slam winner since Maureen Connolly in 1953. In the finals Mrs. Jones upset Billie Jean King 3-6, 6-3, 6-2, crushing the American's hope of becoming a four-time Wimbledon winner herself.

The pretenders to Laver's throne challenged well, and during the early rounds of the tournament it seemed a lot of people might have a chance to unseat the defender. Laver has been bothered for nearly a year by a classic tennis elbow that requires constant treatment by a hydroculator, a sort of heat-retaining bandage he must wrap around his left elbow every day before he plays. Ideally, he should also soak the injured arm in ice after each match, but as his wife Mary said, "Can you imagine getting a bucket of ice in London—for a sore elbow?" The consequence is that it takes Laver a long time to warm up, and in the second round he was down two sets to love against Premjit Lal of India before he rallied to win, and in the fourth round against Stan Smith, ranked No. 3 in the U.S., he struggled for five sets before winning.

But during the second week, when the tournament began to get serious, Laver was not only unbeatable, he was unapproachable. His quarterfinal victim was Cliff Drysdale, a South African professional who has the sort of steady and well-disguised ground strokes that bother Laver. Laver never allowed Drysdale to get started and won 6-4, 6-2, 6-3.

In the semifinals Laver met America's

*continued*

Kodak

# Meet the sharper shooter.



The easy-to-use KODAK INSTAMATIC 814 Camera lets you shoot sharper, clearer pictures your very first time out. And for two reasons. One, it has the superb new super-sharp 4-element  $f/2.8$  KODAK EKTAR Lens. Two, it does practically everything for you automatically.

Just drop in the film cartridge. Automatically, the "814" adjusts for the speed of the film. Adjusts for the level of the light, too, with its sensitive CdS exposure control ... tells you if the batteries are okay ... warns you when to use flash. For easy shooting, both film and flashcube advance automatically. And the lens-coupled rangefinder helps you get a sharp

shot every shot.

See this sharper shooter, less than \$145, at your Kodak dealer's. Remember—no experience necessary! Price subject to change without notice.

## Kodak Instamatic® 814 Camera.

# Show no mercy.

unleash the  
**animal.**



Stop being Mr. Nice Guy. Tee up the new Sweetshot. The ball that roars off the tee like an angry bobcat. That flies high and long like a great big bird. That tracks the cup like a sure-footed

beast. And all because it has a new, tighter, rubber-wound liquid center for 1989. Play the new Sweetshot SS Plus, alias "The Animal." And turn your competitors into pussy cats



Burke-Worthington Div., Victor Golf Co., Morton Grove, Ill.  
Products of Victor Customizer



## Introducing The Jack Purcell Windjammer

Better grip. Better fit.  
Exclusive Posture Foundation  
comfort for long hours of  
deck action. Sure-footed  
"Grip Block" safety sole.

Jack Purcell

### TENNIS continued

No. 1 player, Arthur Ashe, who had beaten Pancho Gonzales and was just regaining his form after a six-month surge of tennis elbow himself. For one set Ashe played brilliantly. He broke Laver's service three times, mainly because he slammed a doozey impossible returns of service, mostly off his backhand, and won 6-2. In the second set Laver applied just a little more pressure, Arthur took just a little off and the American was out of the match. The last three set scores were 6-2, 9-7 and, amazingly, 6-0.

In the other half of the draw Newcombe, Tony Roche of Australia and Tom Okker of The Netherlands displayed both the strengths and weaknesses of their imperfect games. In the quarterfinals Roche, the No. 2 seed behind Laver, met America's No. 2 player, Clark Graebner, in a rematch of their 1968 Wimbledon semifinal. Last year Roche won in four sets, this year Graebner carried the 24-year-old Aussie to five sets and actually had three match points—on Roche's service—before losing Newcombe, meanwhile, met and defeated Okker in a match that was marked by streaky play by both players. Okker is perhaps the quickest player in international tennis, but is strangely susceptible to the lob, which Newcombe executes very well, and Newcombe won in four sets. That brought Newcombe and Roche together in the second semifinal. On past performance, Roche should have won. But Newcombe has seemingly cast a spell over him. "There was no way Tony could win that match," said Roy Emerson, a fellow Australian who knows them both well.

In the finals Newcombe broke Laver's service four times. However, he struggled the entire afternoon to stay even on his own service games. In the first set both players served five times. Laver played 28 points in his five. Newcombe played 40 in his five, and that was the difference.

And so Laver becomes only the fifth player in 83 Wimbledon to win the singles title more than three times, and the first since 1913 (He also won \$7,200.) Laver's wife is pregnant, and, believe it or not, she is due to have her child on the day of the men's singles final at Forest Hills. "If it's a boy," Mary said, "it would be nice to name him after the winner." Chances are good she won't have to worry about naming him Arthur or John or Tom or Tony or Pancho. **END**



**So you want to take them with you:**

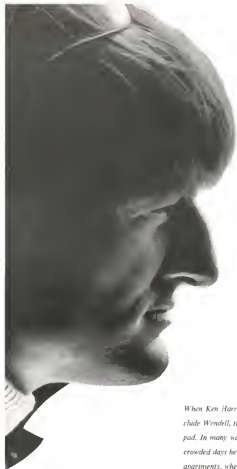


**Zip! Down goes the rear window  
and you haven't left your seat.**

**Order GM power windows  
on your new Chevrolet, Pontiac,  
Oldsmobile or Buick.**



**Fisher Body Division of General Motors**



# THE HIGH- FLYING (WELL, .196) HAWK

When Ken Harrelson moved his act on to Cleveland, he was careful to include Wendell, the valet who had supervised his vast wardrobe in the Boston pod. In many ways, the Hawk has decided, Cleveland is even grander. On crowded days he is airlifted to work from the roof of the chic Winton Place apartments, where he makes his new home close by Art Modell, owner of the Browns, and Vernon Stouffer, the restaurant and frozen-foods man. At the ball park he has two lockers to accommodate the overflow of custom-made suits, many of which he designed himself. Never one to hide his light—or anything else—under a bushel, Hawk begins on page 39 the story of how he, of all people, arrived on the roof looking like that. Immodest, often vain, certainly controversial, but always interesting, it is incomplete in only one way: there is no mention of how he is hitting in Cleveland.

CONTINUED





*There was none of that new-boy-in-town, go-slow routine. The Hawk, come to Cleveland waving a new-hand signal he has adopted (youth's*



*symbol for peace'), he brought along his business deals with associates, and his image as a blithe, if shaggy, spirit to spread all around.*





*He outfitted his new pad (the Hawk picked this jazzy bedroom suite), did not get a haircut but did import his monogrammed clothes to show*

*off at the stadium—and finally settled down in his white cowboy boots (below) to face a new life and revolt and far jinery. In Ohio.*





# WHAT CLASS! WHAT SPLENDOR! WHAT GALL!

by KENNETH HARRILSON and AL HIRSBERG

**Y**ou handsome sonofagun, don't you ever die!" I look in the mirror and say that anywhere from one to a dozen times a day, depending on how often I shave, change my clothes, comb my hair or just happen to see my reflection. It may sound a little conceited, but when I spot the ensemble, especially the nose that goes with it, I can't help myself.

For there's no doubt about it—the nose makes the man. Nosewise, the Hawk is the noblest Roman of them all. My nose is my bag, my trademark, my thing, my life. It makes me what I am today—not just a big-league ball-player named Ken Harrelson (baseball is my worst sport anyhow), but a character people know as Hawk. There are at least two other Harrelsons in professional baseball. The world is full of Kens. But how many Hawks are there?

Which is why the word "Hawk" appears in some fashion on practically everything I own. You'll find it on my slacks, my sweaters, my shirts, my jackets, my underwear, my baseball gear, my stationery and my car. You can even find it tiled on the walls of the bathroom of my apartment in Brookline, the Boston suburb.

And all on account of my nose. I wouldn't be so proud of it if it had just happened to come with the rest of me, but I earned it the hard way. The nose I was born with was pretty straight. Then, when I was 7 or 8, it got broken the first time. I was in the on-deck circle waiting to hit in a baseball game in Woodruff, S.C., where I was born. The kid at bat hit the ball, slung his bat and caught me right across the face.

I want to tell you it just shattered my nose. And my clothes and everything

around me were a Moody mess. Going home, I wondered what I was going to tell my mama. She took one look and cried, "What happened? You poor kid—what happened?" It never occurred to me to tell her the truth. So I said, "I got in a fight."

I have broken my nose several times since then, twice playing football and once in a fight, and I'm sort of ashamed of the last one. It was just a little break and it happened the year I got home to Savannah, where I went to high school, after my first season in organized baseball. I was pretty cocky—how many guys in Savannah get bonuses for signing baseball contracts?—and maybe I sometimes got on people's nerves.

Anyhow, I dropped into an oyster bar where a lot of the kids I went to high school with hung out, and a guy I didn't know very well came over and said, "You're Ken Harrelson, aren't you?"

"You know who I am," I said.

I suppose I bugged him a little the way I said it. Or maybe he was jealous of the good sports career I had had. Whatever it was, he suddenly reared back and popped me on the nose. He broke it—not much—and I hit him back a pretty good belt, if I say so myself, because it knocked him cold. That satisfied my ego, even if I am a little ashamed of counting his damage to me.

My nose is directly responsible for my name. Indirectly, it's responsible for just about everything else about me—my clothes, my hair, my shoes, my car, my apartments in Boston and Cleveland, my refusal to follow the crowd, my independence, my complete departure from convention. Because of my nose I wear my hair as long as I can get away with. During the baseball season I have to

shorten it a little so it will fit under a cap. During the off season it comes down over my ears. I have the job done by pros and pay maybe twenty, twenty-five bucks for it. They give me the full treatment—razor cut, styling, shaping, shampooing, hairnetting, drying under the same kind of dryer you'll find in a woman's beauty parlor—the works. And if I don't like it when they're through, they do it all over again.

Long hair only partially draws the eye away from my fantastic nose. My clothes do the rest. I am, I admit, an absolute nut on clothes. I call mine mind benders. Very occasionally I can get a mind bender off the rack but most of the time I design my own. The hair and the clothes pay off, believe me. You know what they say now? "Look at the Hawk. What splendor! What class! What perfection!"

Just to give you an idea, I showed up at a Boston Bruins hockey game one night last winter in an outfit of my own design with a touch of Nehru, a touch of Edwardian and a nice big splash of pure Hawk. It was a gold and white silk brocade suit. The jacket had a Nehru collar and Edwardian lapels, and the pants had 12-inch pleats up the sides. But best were the shoes. They were made of gold and white silk brocade, too. People in the Boston Garden murmured and pointed as I casually strode to my seat. To a ham like me those are supreme accolades. So you see, that outfit was cheap at \$350. It provided me with one of my finest hours.

You can't save money if you want a really spectacular wardrobe. That's why I never had one until I went to the Red Sox in 1967. They gave me a huge bonus to sign after Charlie Finley, the Athletics' owner, fired me, allowing me to

*continued*

sell my services to the highest bidder. Sensible people blanch at the thought of the dough I spent for clothes after arriving in Boston. I figure I blew about \$10,000. But, man, I grew up loving clothes. Even before we left Woodruff for Savannah, my favorite occupation, other than sports and getting into fights, was buying clothes. I wasn't beyond the fourth grade when I used to go into a store where I could charge things to my mother's account and pick up a couple of shirts or a jacket or something, even though we were poor. I don't think she minded, because she seldom got mad about it.

I never worried about what I could or couldn't afford. If I wanted anything badly enough I got it and found ways to pay for it later. I always managed. I earned money or I won money at something like mini-ball pool, or if things were a little easy at home my mama helped. She knew how much I loved clothes and how important it was to me to look right.

**W**hen I wasn't thinking about clothes as a kid, I was always playing sports. Football, basketball and swimming were my favorites, and I don't mind telling you I was good at all three. School didn't mean anything but sports to me. I was forever playing hooky, either to play pool or golf. I got promoted from grade to grade because any teacher who had me once had had it. I know it's the most immodest thing to say, but I was the best all-round school-boy athlete in Savannah. I could play anything. All it ever took was a little practice. I was a stick-out in all the conventional sports, including golf, and such unconventional ones as pool, arm wrestling, auto racing, fighting and blackjack.

My mama always seemed to understand. Even after a fight or a bad report card or a visit from the truant officer or when I came home late after playing pool three-quarters of the night, she'd say through her tears, "Kenny, I know you're a good boy. But I wish you wouldn't do things like this."

And I'd put my arm around her and

say, "Mama, don't you worry. Someday I'm going to make a lot of money and I'll buy you a Cadillac."

I could play football, basketball and baseball so well that all the junior high schools in Savannah wanted me. I must have been the only grammar school kid in the country to be recruited to junior high and maybe the only junior high school kid to be recruited to high school.

When I was in the seventh grade at Eli Whitney grammar school, the coaches of every one of the city's four junior highs came to talk to my mama about my going to their schools. We decided on Chatham because I liked the coach best, but the next year I switched to Richard Arnold because they made us a better offer. They put a gas heater in the house and supplied us with free gas.

I was the regular quarterback two years. When I reached the ninth grade, we heat the hell out of Chatham and went on to win the city football championship. In the meantime the high school coaches were coming around to get me. The Savannah High coach came close to getting me. He sat with the two of us and said, "Mrs. Harrison, I want to tell you something. I've been coaching for 25 years and this is the first time I've ever gone to anybody's home to get a boy to come to our school. That's how badly I want Kenny."

But my mama had already made up her mind, and nobody could change it. She wanted me to go to Benedictine. Not only would all the bills be paid, but it was a military school with tight discipline. For that reason alone I didn't want any part of the place. But mama had her way.

I got into all the trouble I anticipated at Benedictine because I averaged about 15 demerits a week, but the coach insisted he had to have his sophomore quarterback at every practice, so I didn't have to walk the jug anywhere nearly as much as I expected. We had a terrific season—won eight out of nine or something like that—and by the end of football I was a big man on campus.

As soon as football ended, we went right into basketball. I broke into the starting lineup in a game against Glynn

Academy at Brunswick. Glynn had a real strong club that was supposed to beat our brains out, but the Hawk saved the night. I played one of the best games I can remember—pumped in 33 points, did a hell of a job on defense, was a real hot dog—and we murdered Glynn.

Remember, I was only a sophomore and already had had a great football season so I wasn't exactly a shrinking violet, especially after that game. I swaggered back onto the bus, went way in back and sat right in the middle of the last row of seats, where I could see the whole aisle and the whole aisle could see me. I knew what I was doing—the girls always stood in the aisle leading cheers when we traveled, and I didn't want any of them to miss me.

Facing me halfway down was a cute little one, and when I smiled at her she smiled back. Then I winked and she winked, and all the way up to Savannah the two of us smiled and winked at each other without exchanging a word. Her name was Betty Pacifici. Although we spent practically all our time fighting and making up, we got married before I was out of Benedictine when we were both 17.

We've been fighting and making up, fighting and making up ever since. We have four kids now and a house in Lynnfield, Mass., and we're still fighting. That's why she's in the house and I'm in my apartments in Brookline and Cleveland. I'd like to make up because I still love her but, as these lines are written, she isn't having any. Maybe 10 or 12 years with the Hawk is about all any girl can take, but I still have hopes.

I never played very much high school baseball because there always seemed to be something in the way. One year it was a broken hand. The next it was golf. I really fell in love with golf. I shot 118 the first time I played a full round. That was the spring of my junior year, and I was hooked for life.

When school started in the fall, I didn't go near the football field—too busy playing golf. Coach Vic Meli kept after me until I finally went out just to please him. I practiced for about a week when I broke my nose again. That was enough



for me. I remember thinking on the way home, *This is not my game. This is somebody else's action, but not mine.*

The coach was so upset he came over to the house to see if he could talk my mama into getting me to come back.

"Mrs. Harrehon," he said, "you've gotta talk to him. He's the greatest quarterback I've ever seen—absolutely the finest quarterback in the state of Georgia. You've got to talk him into playing. He can get a college education from football and then he is a pro star."

But I didn't want any part of it, and my mama agreed. She hadn't wanted me to play football in the first place. Of course, if I could have foreseen those half-million-dollar contracts good quarterbacks get today maybe I'd have felt differently, but I was a few years ahead of my time. I never played football again.

It took maybe six months for me to make it in golf. By then I was consistently in the low 70s and sometimes in the 60s. When I was concentrating I could beat anyone on a given day, including guys who have made it big on the pro circuits. A couple of years before he won the U.S. Open, I beat Lee Trevino. I don't know how many times I've broken 70 on championship courses. I once had a one-inch putt for a 64 and I've had at least half a dozen 65s. This was when I really worked at golf, both in and out of the baseball season. I play only in the off season now, and that comparatively little. Naturally, my game has suffered.

But I can come back quickly. I played only a couple of rounds in Savannah before barely losing the 1969 Baseball Players' Golf Tournament in Miami, and that in a sudden-death playoff. I won the championship three other times. I figure that if I had concentrated on the game I could have made \$100,000 a year on the pro circuit. In fact, until 1967 I wavered between baseball and golf before deciding my real future was with baseball.

Although my senior year in high school was the only one in which I played an entire season, I always played baseball with one team or another. I went right up the line—Little League, Babe

Ruth League and American Legion Junior ball. Even so, baseball probably was my worst sport. I really didn't know what I was because I played everywhere—outfield, first base, all over the infield. I even pitched and caught. I had the build and the power of a good right-handed hitter. I was fast and I had a strong arm. Those were the ingredients that the dozen or so scouts who followed our state Legion championship team were looking for. I guess they figured they could teach me to field.

Cleveland wanted to sign me as a pitcher, but all I had was a good fastball and a dinky curve, which I hardly used. The Cubs thought of me as a catcher. Their scout, Ray Hayworth, thought I had a real future at the position, but I didn't like the job—it was too much work. I couldn't see myself spending long hot summers behind the plate.

 All the scouts I met, the one I liked best was Clyde Klottz. He pointed out the advantages of going to Kansas City. They needed so much help that a kid really did have a better opportunity with them than with anyone else. After I graduated, they offered me a bonus of \$27,500, spread out over a three-year period. The only club that offered more was the Dodgers, but I couldn't see signing with them. This was 1959, when they were loaded. It would have taken a kid like me six years to get out from under their ponderous minor league setup.

I signed with the Athletics on June 6, right after my high school graduation, and in the next three years played with Olean, N.Y., in the Class D New York-Penn. League, Sanford of the Class D Florida State League, Visalia in the Class C California League and Binghamton in the Class A Eastern League. I really came of age at Binghamton—played in every game, set records in homers and runs batted in that I don't think have been broken yet and led the league's first basemen in fielding. Yes, fielding.

No one in the world could call me a modest man, and I'll prove it right now by telling you I'm one good first base-

man. That year at Binghamton removed all the doubts I might ever have had, and I still have no doubts about it. With the exception of Boston's George Scott, who shifted from first base to third this year, I'm the best-fielding first baseman in the American League right now.

My first spring training with the Athletics, at Bradenton, Fla., was 1963. As a hotshot 21-year-old kid fresh off that fantastic season at Binghamton, I swaggered into the Bradenton ball park ready to bet my salary that I'd be the biggest thing Kansas City baseball had seen since Mickey Mantle played there when it was in the American Association.

The Athletics' manager of the moment was Eddie Lopat, one of a long string of guys hired and fired by Charlie Finley. Lopat was a wonderful guy and a terrible manager. He was too nice to get mad, had no control over his players and didn't know how to run a ball game. I loved him because he was always great to me but, like everybody else, I walked all over him.

I hit the bell out of the ball and thought sure I had it made, in spite of the fact that there were days when I played first base like a clod—like the day when we played the Yankees in their new ball park at Fort Lauderdale. The Yankees were sail great, and the prospect of facing them for the first time was a little hairy even to an egocentric like me. They still had Mantle and Roger Maris and Yogi Berra, Bobby Richardson and Elston Howard, and Joe DiMaggio was always there for spring training. During games he sat in a little cage behind the first-base coach's box. I tell you, for a kid to see these guys and play this ball club for the first time, even in an exhibition game, was enough to cause goose pimples. If I ever wanted to make a big impression, that was the day. I'd show these great Yankees a thing or two. And I did.

Richardson, the Yankees' leadoff man, hit an easy bouncer down the first-base line. As I reached for it, it caromed off my knee for an error. Tom Tresh flied out or something, then Maris came up. He hit a hard ground ball down the first-base line that went right between my

*continued*

legs for another error. Up came Mantle and he hit a hot shot that would have been a double-play ball if it hadn't bounced off my chest for a third error.

By this time the whole hall park was rocking with wild laughter. DiMaggio screamed gags at me between hoo-haws. I could see the Yankees roaring in their dugout behind first base, with Berra actually rolling around the bench, holding his sides. Over on our bench Lopat was laughing so hard he was crying and wiping his face with a towel.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry until Eddie Hurley, the first-base umpire, said, "O.K., Hawk. You've filled the bases. Now you've got them where you want them."

Then I broke up, too.

**U**se Pepitone, the next batter, hit one to my left. When it skittered off my glove for another error that let in a run and kept the bases full, I was in shock. Which, I suppose, was why I forgot to cover first base on the next play. Somebody hit a ball down the third-base line, where Ed Charles made a great stop and a perfect throw. The ball flew into right field, and a couple of more runs streamed in.

Now the Yankees had three runs and two men still on base, all because of me with five errors—four that counted and one of omission. On the Yankee bench guys were hanging on to each other and, when I looked at ours, the first person I saw was Lopat, his glasses in one hand and his head between his legs, while his shoulders were shaking.

Even John O'Donoghue, our pitcher, who had been sore at first, was wiping his eyes, laughing so hard he couldn't pitch. When he walked a guy, somebody said, "See? Harrelson isn't the only guy who can fill the bases," and I broke up again. The next guy up hit a grand-slam home run, and the horrible inning still wasn't over. With two out, somebody hit a soft liner right at me, and I nearly lost even that up. The ball popped out of my glove, landing two feet from the bag. As I reached for it I fell on all fours, then crawled on hands and knees

to beat the runner to the bag. I just lay there for a minute, laughing so hard I couldn't get up. And when I finally did and ran across the field to our bench, the whole park sounded like a Laurel and Hardy audience.

When I went to bat I got a standing ovation. I lifted my cap and bowed half a dozen times, making a complete circle so I wouldn't miss anybody. Then I hit into a double play.

Lopat didn't say a word to me, but the next morning he sent me to Tampa with the B team to play the Reds' B club. We all headed for the back of the bus—hallplayers always head for the back of the bus to get as far away from the manager as possible—but I didn't stay there long. Mel McGaha was acting manager of the B team, and tough. He made me go up and sit with him.

"Hawk, I suppose you thought you were pretty funny yesterday," he said.

I hemmed and hawed, and McGaha said, "Well, I didn't think you were funny. If I had been managing that club, I'd have hauled you out of there the first time you cracked a smile. You better not pull anything like that today."

He ate me out all the way to Tampa and when I got on the field he put me on first base and started drilling balls at me. He ran me ragged, hitting line drives, pop flies, ground balls, to my right, to my left, right at me, everywhere. He made me run toward the plate to field bunts and then throw to first, and he made me field grounders, throw them to second, then get back to first in time to complete an imaginary double play.

Just before letting me go he said, "You want to be a hallplayer, maybe you'll make this club. You want to be a clown, go get a job in the circus."

Although I liked to have fun even in hall games, I realized then there was a time and place for everything and I had picked the wrong time at the wrong place. From then on I worked hard and had a great spring training. But obviously somebody up there didn't think I was ready, and when the season began I was in Portland in the Pacific Coast League, where I was red-hot for the first 37 ball games and then went into a terrible

slump. If the Athletics wouldn't call me up when I was murdering the ball, I thought, how could I expect them to send for me when I was everybody's patsy?

But that is the way in baseball. Just when I was at my worst I was called up. I got my first chance to start in Minnesota against the Twins. Jim Kaat was pitching, and Lopat put me in at first base. I got my first big-league hit, a single, my first time up. Later we piled up a pretty good lead. I went out three times and, when I came up in the ninth, Bill Pleis was pitching for the Twins.

Before I moved to the on-deck circle, Lopat said, "Don't hit anything but a slider. He'll throw a lot of fastballs, but if you wait long enough you'll see the slider, and his is lousy. Just wait for it."

I waited while Pleis threw five straight fastballs, two for strikes. Now the count was 3 and 2, and I knew I'd have to swing at the next pitch, no matter what it was, if it came into the strike zone. Sure enough, it was a slider, and I belted it into the left-center-field seats. That gave me 2 for 5, including a home run, in my first complete major league hall game. I knew I was on my way.

Charlie Finley wasn't the smartest baseball owner I ever knew, but he sure was the most interesting. With him in charge you never had to worry about being bored to death. If he wasn't firing a manager he was hiring a pinch runner or moving a franchise or dreaming up a gag or shaking up the front office.

There were times when he was like a father to me and times when he made my life miserable. In general we got along pretty well, probably because we recognized that we were both offbeat guys. But you couldn't work for Charlie Finley without having differences. He was turbulent, stubborn, opinionated and at times impossible. Yet he could be the sweetest guy in the world. I valued his friendship when I had it and would welcome it anytime he wants to extend it to me again.

Most of our troubles were financial. You see, Charlie loaned me plenty. At one time I owed him more than the salary he was paying me. He used to give me hell for my extravagances and, of

course, he was right. But since I couldn't stop spending, the only way I could get out from under my debts—Finley wasn't my only creditor—was by hitting the jackpot somewhere along the line.

While I could always make an honest dollar on the golf course or at the pool table, my real hope was to bat my way out of debt. When I first went up to the Athletics I was making the major league minimum salary of \$7,500 a year. I didn't get any raises the first two years because I was in the minors half that time first with Portland, then with Dallas in the Pacific Coast League after I was sent down in 1964. Finley gave me a break when the 1965 season began—a big, fat \$500 raise to \$8,000. With McGaha now managing the A's, I had a big year, hitting 23 home runs and staying with the team all season. It was, incidentally, my only full season with them.

Although I figured a thousand bucks a home run was not unreasonable, I was very decent with Charlie about my 1966 contract. All I asked was double my 1965 salary—\$16,000. I thought that was more than fair. Charlie disagreed. We settled for \$12,000—a pittance. Hell, between Charlie and a few others, I owed more than that. Charlie could have solved it easily. All he had to do to wipe off his books was give me a raise covering my debt to him, but we never really got together on that point.

The fans loved me—used to yell, "Hawk! Hawk! Hawk!" every time I did something—and gave me standing ovations when I hit a home run or made a good fielding play. And life with Finley wasn't too bad. I was his favorite ballplayer, although he went crazy when I caught a ball close to the stands or picked up a long foul and threw it to the customers. He'd sit in his box and hum, and after the game send for me.

"Dammit, Kenny," he'd say, "those balls cost money."

And I'd say, "But, Charlie, it's great for the club. You couldn't buy that kind of goodwill for the price of a ball."

And he'd say, "If everyone on the club felt that way, you guys would break me in a season."

Charlie's great pride and joy was his

mule, Charlie O. One day in New York, just before a game at Yankee Stadium, he came into the clubhouse and said, "Anybody know how to ride a mule?"

"I can," I said.

I didn't know whether I could or not. The only time I'd ever been on a mule was at my grandma's farm in Woodruff when I was a kid. Well, I put the beak of my cap up like a jockey and I got the mule trotting pretty good toward the plate when I lost control of him. I got scared, the mule sensed it and the next thing I knew he was making a mad dash with me holding on frantically to whatever part of his anatomy I could grab.

I ended up with all four of my limbs around his neck, but riding upside down. The mule finally slowed to a pace where I could slide off without getting killed. I skidded along the ground a ways, then struggled to my feet and ran toward the dugout, and there in the box beside it was Finley, wiping his eyes with one hand and slapping a knee with the other. Practically everyone in our dugout was as broken up as he was, everyone but Alvin Dark, our new manager.

"That was the dumbest thing I ever saw," he said. "You could have been killed. If that man wants a jockey, he ought to go out and hire one. I don't ever want him risking one of my ballplayers on that mule again."

I guess he and Finley had it out later—they were always having something out—but Charlie couldn't care less. He got what he wanted—a great big laugh and plenty of ink in the lush New York market. I rode the mule a couple more times, and it seems to me I even got \$50 or \$100 from Finley once, but in the meantime my financial situation was getting worse. Even with the raise to \$12,000, I couldn't keep up with my debts.

I got off to a terrible start in 1966, but it wasn't all my fault. The Kansas City ball park had a long left field, and I often hit outs that would have been homers anywhere else. It was getting me down, and Dark knew it. He kept saying, "Hawk, don't let this park

beat you." But I was letting the park beat me—hitting poorly, not fielding well, down in the dumps—and in June the Athletics traded me to Washington.

Much as I disliked leaving Alvin, at least now I figured I'd get my full salary. But Charlie Finley had left no stone unturned in making sure he would continue to collect from me. He simply arranged for the Senators to take his pound of flesh out of my paycheck and send it along to him. Although I squawked to General Manager George Selkirk, they did it for the rest of that season.

With Gil Hodges and me, it was a case of dislike at first sight. From the first month on, there wasn't a day that I didn't wish I were somewhere else. One of the happiest moments of my life came when the Senators sold me back to Kansas City. That was in June of 1967, after I had played part of two seasons under Hodges' management.

Don't get me wrong—the guy was by no means all bad. Away from the baseball atmosphere he was one swell guy. He once threw a party for the whole ball club at his howling alley in Brooklyn, and I've never been entertained by a nicer host. And his son Gilly is a real sweetheart—a wonderful kid everybody liked. Hodges transformed me from a second-rate first baseman into a good one, for he knew the position and how to teach it. He worked hard with me, and I appreciated that. But in general he treated his ballplayers like dogs, and I was no exception. I don't know how the Mets, whom he now manages, feel about him, but I can tell you without reservation that every Washington player he ever had hated his guts.

Hodges gets a marvelous press—I don't know of any baseball figure with a better public image—but that's because he plays up to the writers and sportscasters. They'll all tell you—especially in New York—that there's no nicer guy in baseball. If I saw him only under the conditions they do, I'd call him Mr. Loveable, too. But I'll tell you about the Mr. Hyde side of the Dr. Jekyll I knew in Washington. He was unfair, unreasonable, unfeeling, incapable of handling men, stubborn, holier-than-thou and re-

*continued*

cold, I can't say he played favorites because he didn't have any favorites. It would be more accurate to say that he played the guys he disliked the least. He was impossible to play for because he was impossible to understand. There were guys on that team with whom he didn't exchange one word during the whole time I was with the Senators.

Hodges ate guys out in front of the whole team for things they had done wrong long before. He acted as if he had something personal against every man on his squad. Joining the Senators was like starting a prison term. Hodges was the warden, expecting the worst from everyone.

Actually, my first meeting with Hodges was fairly pleasant. The clash of personalities was there, all right, but under the surface, I reported to his office in the clubhouse at Washington on June 23, 1966. After Hodges and I shook hands, he said, "I know you're going bad, but I know the type ballplayer you are and the type ballplayer you can be."

Then he said, "I know you've got good hands. I know you can play first base better than you've been playing it. I know you can hit better. You're just the way I was at your age. While you're here, we're going to make you a good first baseman or no first baseman at all."

"All right," I said.

"And I don't want you to play any golf," he added.

That was something of a blow. Dark had let me play because he thought it related me. But when Hodges ordered me to quit, I told him I would, and I did.

At the time I had been running the bases really well—it was about the only thing I had done right at Kansas City that year. I had stolen nine bases in nine tries and had more steals than anybody on the Washington club. Alvin had let me run on my own.

"Do you let any of the guys run on their own here?" I asked Hodges.

"No," he said. "Nobody but Fred Valentine. I'll give you the signal when I want you to go."

"I was 9 for 9 over in Kansas City," I said. "I can steal a base for you."

"I'll decide when you'll steal a base."

"I might help the ball club," I said.

"I usually can tell when a pitcher will throw a breaking ball or off-speed pitch, and those are the kind I steal on."

Hodges glared at me and said, "I told you I'll give you the sign when I want you to steal."

That was the end of the interview. And all during the time I played for him Hodges didn't once give me the steal sign.

The first few weeks I was with the club weren't too bad. I started hitting better, got a few home runs and helped win a couple of ball games. Hodges really worked at making a first baseman out of me. What McGaha had done for me that day in spring training after I made all those errors against the Yankees, Hodges was doing every day.

In one way he helped me more than McGaha had. Hodges knew every trick of the trade. He taught me things about playing first base that most ballplayers never know. I didn't like the guy, and still was wary of him, but I appreciated his help. And I felt sorry for him because we were in an awful losing streak.

One day, after a terrible error, I de-

cided to do something to help out. In the eighth or ninth inning of a close game at Minnesota, Zoilo Versalles of the Twins was on first base with one out when the hitter slammed a wicked shot down the first-base line that I made a great diving stop on. I was off-balance—practically on my back, in fact—and the only play I had was to tag first and get the hitter. Instead, I tried for Versalles, a fast man, at second and threw the ball away. It cost us the game.

I felt awful—so bad that when we got back to the hotel I phoned Hodges and asked if I could talk to him. I wanted to apologize for costing us the game. He told me to come on up. When I got there, he was in pajamas, ready for bed.

"I just want to tell you, Gil, how bad I feel about throwing away the game," I said.

"Don't feel bad," Hodges said, "that could happen to anyone. You made a great stop, and I was glad to see that. Your fielding is coming along fine."

I was there for maybe an hour, most of which was pleasant and relaxed. I did the talking, telling Gil how much I wanted to help pull the club out of its mis-



"With Hodges and me," Hawk says of popular manager, "it was dislike at first sight."

ery, and he seemed to be sympathetic and grateful.

Then I said, "Isn't there something I could do to help snap us out of this slump? We're too good a ball club to be losing things up so badly. Maybe I should start a fight. A good free-for-all might get us all pulling together."

Now, some managers would have jumped at the idea. Others might not go for it, but I'm sure they would say something like, "No, don't start a fight, but thanks for the offer. It shows how much you're willing to do to help."

But Hodges reacted in a way of his own. Without a word of appreciation, talking like a school principal to a recalcitrant kid, he said, "I don't want you to start a fight. This shows me something about the kind of person you are."

Suddenly, the room felt as if an icy blast had just gone through it. The whole atmosphere changed so fast that I got up, thanked Hodges for listening, apologized for bothering him and left. And from that night on, he never spoke another civil word to me.

The next spring—1967—when I reported to the Senators at Pompano Beach, Fla., we had three first basemen, Dick Nen, Bob Chance and me. Neither Nen nor Chance could hit or field with me, and Hodges knew it. But he didn't let me play until about two weeks before spring training ended. I hit like crazy then and by the time we reached Washington I was the first baseman.

One thing I wanted to do more than anything else was to play Opening Day because the President and a sellout crowd always go to opening games in Washington. This would be my first, and I talked so much about what a thrill it would be that Hodges must have known how I felt. There wasn't a shadow of a doubt in my mind that I'd start. Although Mel Stottlemyre, the Yankees' starting pitcher, was one of the best right-handers in the league, I had always hit him well, and Hodges well knew, I was just about to take batting practice with the other regulars when Hodges posted the lineup. I glanced at it, then stared, hardly able to believe my eyes.

Dick Nen was playing first base.

As I turned away and shoved my bat into the bat rack, Nen himself, a wonderful guy, very shy, very decent, came over and said, "Hawk, this is not right. I'm sorry I can't do anything."

"That's all right, Richard," I said.

Frank Howard, my room-mate, said, "God, he must really hate your guts, Hawk. He knows how badly you wanted to play today."

When Hodges started me the second game of the season and kept me in almost every day after that, I knew he had benched me Opening Day just to hurt me. Any guy capable of pulling that dirty a trick was not for me. I was fed up with Gil Hodges. I had had all I could take of the man. I was so eager to get out from under him that I told the Washington writers for publication that I wanted to be traded.

Even Hodges didn't want that kind of publicity. In New York he called me into his office and said, "Do you want to play for me?"

"I want to play baseball," I said.

"Why didn't you take batting practice that first day in Washington?" he asked.

"I'll tell you why," I said. "I led the club in hitting and home runs just playing the last couple of weeks of spring training. I had a better spring than anyone else on the club. I should have started Opening Day. When I saw I wasn't going to, I was too disappointed to take batting practice."

"I know you should have started," Hodges said.

"Well, why didn't I?"

"Stottlemyre was pitching. Dick's a lefty and a low-ball hitter."

"Stottlemyre's a great pitcher," I said, "but I've always hit him pretty well—and you know it."

**A**t this point I expected Hodges to blow his stack. Instead, he said, "You should have started. Now do you want to play ball for me or not?"

"I've got a job to do and you've got a job to do," I said. "It doesn't make any difference, I suppose, who I play for. But you don't like me and I think

you know that I don't like you."

"It's not that I don't like you," he said. "I just don't like some of the things you do."

"Well, Gil, I'm sorry," I said. "If you can get rid of me, I'd like to go to another ball club."

Then I walked out.

I thought, if nothing else, that talk would clear the air between us, but things got worse. Hodges criticized my hair, my clothes, my bats—everything hut my baseball.

Although more and more unhappy with this guy, I was playing well. I had my stroke back and was hitting the ball hard and fielding very well. I didn't have much hope of being traded but I figured if I could last the season without going nuts I'd be all right. There were rumors even then that Hodges would leave Washington and manage the Mets when the 1967 season ended.

On June 9, having just arrived in Boston, Frank Howard and I were sitting in our room at the Sheraton-Boston when the phone rang. It was Hodges.

"Are you going to be in your room for a little while?" he asked. He sounded friendly, almost humble.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, you're going to get a phone call."

"Do you mind if I ask what it's about?"

"I'd like to tell you, Hawk, but I can't," Hodges said. His voice was sugar sweet. He had never talked to me in friendlier tones.

"Look, Gil, if I'm going somewhere I'd appreciate your telling me."

He paused, then said, "O.K. I suppose there's no harm in telling you. Charlie Finley's going to call you."

Half an hour later Finley called. He had bought me back from Washington for cash. I was going home to Kansas City, home to Alvin Dark, home to Charlie Finley.

I couldn't have been happier.

---

#### NEXT WEEK: FINLEY'S TOLLY

*Hawk tells how he became a rich free agent, recalls happy Boston and—shock—the trade*

---

# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

"Are you tired?" asked Minnesota (6-1) Manager Billy Martin. "Yes," answered Twins Relief Specialist Bob Miller, who was making only his second start since 1957. "Do you want to finish?" asked Martin, whose team led by 10 runs in the ninth inning. "Yes," replied Miller. And he did, even though he gave up four runs. The victory was his second last week as a surprise starter for the surging Twins. "I just wanted him to get the ball out of there so I could get it over with," said Miller after the game. The reliever's anxiety was understandable, since he had not thrown a complete game in five seasons. Helping Miller to boost the Twins back into the Western Division lead was Harmon Killebrew, who knocked in 14 runs and increased his league-leading RBI total to 82, with still half a season to go. Slumping Outfielder Lou Piniella's wife Anita helped Kansas City (5-3) move up to a fourth-place tie. She brought out some old home movies taken of her husband during a hot streak, and he detected what he had been doing wrong in recent weeks when his average dropped into the .250s. His swing corrected, Piniella promptly went on a tear, averaging .447 and crashing a game-winning home run. Twenty-six of Chicago's (3-5) 27 homers since the beginning of June have been hit by rookies, and last week the pattern continued. Blasts by first-year-men Bill Melton, Carlos May and Gail Hopkins were the White Sox's only home runs and they were decisive in two of the team's wins. Pitcher Phil Ortega's career with California (4-4) may have ended in a hotel lobby during the wee hours of the morning last Wednesday. The left-hander

returned from an evening on the town clad only in his underwear. Manager Lefty Phillips, who was awakened by the house detective, called Ortega a "disgrace" and reportedly will ship him out on waivers. Oakland (2-4) dropped from first place, but Reggie Jackson continued belting home runs. The left-handed slugger rained his season's total to 34 with five homers last week, including three in one game. Seattle (2-5) was outscored 33-12 in its losses, mainly because base-stealer Tommy Harper was not getting into position often enough to practice his specialty. Harper reached base only twice while averaging just .111. In the Eastern Division, Detroit (5-1) edged into second place behind hard hitting by Tom Tresh. Tresh, who joined the Tigers from the Yankees last month, had been in a four-year slump and averaged less than .200 last season. Then Tigers' Hitting Coach Wally Moses, who had trained him when he was a rookie, got him started again. Last week Tresh hit .526 with eight RBIs and four homers, and his season's mark was up 37 points since leaving New York (4-2). The Yanks put together a three-game winning streak, their longest in a month. The victories were all by one run, including a 10-9 slugfest with the Orioles in which Catcher Frank Fernandez' three-run homer proved decisive. Washington's (6-3) Frank Howard enjoyed one of his best weeks, clouting six home runs and collecting seven RBIs while averaging .419. "It should be Alvin Dark's show. He should have complete control of the team," said Cleveland (3-5) Owner Vern Stouffer, who also promised to take an active hand in running an organization that has been less than successful on the field

and at the gate. Where did that leave General Manager Gabe Paul? All Stouffer would say of his G.M. was, "He's a very hard worker." With Boston (2-6) falling to third place, Manager Dick Williams said, "A lot of things are hurting us. We've been playing terrible baseball." One man Williams could not blame was Centerfielder Reggie Smith, who hit five homers, knocked in 10 runs and averaged .464. Baltimore (1-4) had its first losing week since early May, but still managed to hold a 10-game lead as Dave McNally won his 12th game without a loss.

Standings: East: Balt. 56-25, Det. 44-33, Bos. 45-37, Wash. 41-42, NY 40-44, Cleve. 39-49. West: Minn. 46-36, Oak. 42-34, Sea. 35-44, KC 35-46, Chi. 34-45, Cal. 29-50.

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

Tom Seaver and Cleon Jones (below) were not the only Mets helping to keep New York's (6-2) fever at pentast pitch. Jim McAndrew, with a three-hitter, and Gary Centry, with a five-hitter, each picked up a complete game victory, and the hitters were doing their share. The Mets scored 1.5 runs a game and hit 26 points over their season team average as they closed within five games of the Cubs. Montreal (6-3) had its best week of the season, and the fans showed they appreciate winning play. Some 12,508 showed up at Jarry Park on a threatening evening, and, despite the lack of cover at the makeshift stadium, most remained during the 10-minute rainstorm. Neatly dressed businessmen were seen walking around barefoot in the soaked stands, provoking President John McHale to order the concessions to hand out free coffee on future rainy days. Philadelphia (4-4, page 48), minus Richie Allen, still scored seven runs a

## HIGHLIGHT

A soft-drink company is running a TV commercial in New York that shows Miss Pitcher Tom Seaver chasing a blonde around Shea Stadium, sweeping her off her feet when she catches her and then lapsing into a duel entailing the wild state of the sponsor's product. About all the commercial proves, other than that Seaver, a handsome, intelligent, 24-year-old Californian, could catch almost any blonde he wanted if he were not already married to a pretty one named Nancy, is that the right-hander is no Renaissance man. He cannot sing. New York fans, who must endure the commercial during telecasts of their team's games, can forgive their hero this failure because there is little else he has not done well. Running his record to 13-3 with his seventh consecutive victory last week, Seaver now has the best win-loss percentage among National League starters and is almost certain to become the Mets'

first 20-game winner. Along with Cleon Jones, who is locked in a duel for the batting title with a .354 average, Seaver, the 1967 Rookie of the Year, with a 16-13 record, is the most important player in the Mets' rise this season. Solidly in second place, 11 games over 500, New York is Chicago's only challenger for the Eastern Division title, a battle that will be joined this week and next as the teams meet six times. If sportswriters do a little scene roasting for Seaver, their prejudice may be forgiven; they are cheering one of their own. The University of Southern California journalism student has already had his byline in *Sports Illustrated* and has future writing assignments for other national publications. "I have more support with the reporters than a lot of players," says Seaver. "I can understand how they feel having to troop into the locker room and ask questions." The question is, can the writers understand how Seaver feels, with the answers at his fingertips?



SEAVER: ON-KEY WINNER



## How a man turns work into play.

Dave Brodie, here, for example. When he's not busy as sales manager for a cosmetic house, Dave spends productive leisure hours with a Skilsaw Power Saw. Result: items like this handsome playhouse for his youngsters.

"It's a lot easier to build than you might think," says Dave. "Especially with the Skilsaw Power Saw. It cuts through a mess of lumber in nothing flat. And just about anything else for that matter.

"Fact is you can use the Skilsaw Power Saw on all kinds of jobs. Like cutting paneling or steel rain gutters or even to slit flagstone for a walk.

"If you get the idea this is one power tool I wouldn't be without, you're right. I reach for it on almost any home project. Really makes the work go."



Get the brand new how-to-do-it-book for people who don't know how to do it, "Skil Makes It Easy."

It's filled with basic projects (like playhouses) plus simple construction details, tips on materials and proper use of tools. 48 pages in all. To order, send \$04 (no stamps, please) to Skil Corp., Dept. 515-S, Box 5309, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**SKIL** makes it easy



# **Can you honestly wash your hands of his future?**

If you can, forget about Hull House.

Hull House is dedicated to the idea that each human life has worth and dignity, and that people born to poverty and despair deserve the chance to work themselves out of it.

Since our founding by Jane Addams in 1889, we've conducted our own war on poverty.

Faces change, accents change. New ethnic groups emerge, needing jobs, decent housing, education, hope. The problem remains.

Today, more help is needed than ever before, and more money.

You can contribute—if you will. We welcome any donation, large or small, just as we welcome anyone in need of help.

## **Support Hull House**

Send contributions to: Hull House Association, 3212 North Broadway, Chicago, Illinois 60657. Free booklet explaining our activities in depth upon request.



game with Johnny Briggs (.358), Ricardo Joseph (.375) and rookie Larry Hinkle (.416) clouting five homers, as the Phillies moved briefly up to fourth place. St. Louis (5-4) Manager Red Schoendienst inserted Vic Davalillo in three emergency situations and came up the loser twice. Davalillo, usually an outfielder, made two appearances as a relief pitcher and failed to get a man out either time. In his other showing, though, he came to bat as a pinch hitter with the bases loaded, two out and the Cards trailing the Mets 4-0. He crashed the first grand slam homer of his 6½-year major league career. Chicago (3-3) had winning performances from three of its regular starters, Fergie Jenkins, Bill Hands and Dick Selma, but Ken Holtzman, who shot off fast to a 10-1 record this season, is deep in a slump. He has not won for almost a month and has not thrown a complete game since mid-May. In two starts last week he allowed 13 runs and 15 hits while pitching just seven innings and losing twice. The Pittsburgh (0-6) hitters did their part, averaging .300, but their pitchers allowed the opposition to bat .343, and not one starter was able to go beyond the fifth inning. Atlanta's (5-4) ace knuckleballer, Phil Niekro, won his 13th and 14th games of the season as his team regained the lead in the Western Division. The Braves' long man in the bullpen, Claude Raymond, found out just how long relief stints can get. Coming to Jim Berton's rescue after only one man was out in the first inning, Raymond pitched the remaining 8½ innings and recorded his second win of the year. Surprising Bob Burda, Willie McCovey's substitute at first base, and rarely used Ron Herbel helped San Francisco (7-2) stay within striking range of the top. Burda hit .416, and Herbel pitched his second complete game within a week. The right-hander's nine-inning victories came in his only two starts of the season. Reds Manager Dave Bristol did not buy the TV commercial Los Angeles' (3-4) Don Drysdale made last winter, claiming that Big D used only a greaseless hair tonic. Last week Bristol protested that Drysdale was throwing a greaseball and, despite the Dodger pitcher's claim that "I've never bought a jar of Vaseline in my life," the umpires examined his hair for traces of kof stuff. The umps discovered nothing, but the Cincinnati (3-4) hitters found their batting eyes and oiled Drysdale for two runs, sending him to the clubhouse for a shower and perhaps a shampoo. Houston (3-6) and San Diego (2-5) met in a 12-inning bash that ended with the Padres on top 9-8. The Astros scored four runs in the top part of the last inning only to have their opponents rap seven of their 21 hits in the bottom half for five runs and the win. Walt Hrinak's pinch single drove in the deciding run.

Our Yellow-Vested Penny-Pincher says:

**We hatched  
a scheme  
to save  
you money!**



**ECONO  
-CAR**



**It's not complicated enough to frighten you.**

Most 35mm cameras have lots of scary dials and numbers that can turn you off before you get started.

Not the Minolta AL-F. When you shoot with this 35mm, you won't be shooting scared. An electric eye looks out for you every step of the way. Automatically setting the right lens opening—even for action-stopping shots.

And the AL-F has Minolta's exclusive "easy flash" for perfect indoor flash shots.

Maybe best of all, the AL-F fits in a pocket or purse. And you aren't going to let something that small panic you, are you?

Get the story. For details see your dealer or write: Minolta Corp., 200 Park Avenue South, N.Y. N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Angliograph Ltd.

Rent Chevrolets, Pontiacs, and other fine cars from Econo-Car and drive around on pennies! Free Nationwide Reservation Service. Major Credit Cards honored.

Choice franchise locations are still available. Write us for details. Econo-Car, Dept. S-4 Daytona Beach, Florida 32020

Standings—East: Chi 52 31 NY 45 36, StL 40 44, Pitt 38 43, Phi 36 43, Mon 28 55 West: Atl 48 34, LA 46 33, SF 45 36, Sea 45 35, Hou 42 42, SD 39 36



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## BUM RAP

Sirs,

Your recent article, *Lee's Bums Rap for the Cub* (June 30), truly presents a group of bums. These people aren't sports enthusiasts, but attention-getters. Intimidating and abusing members of the opposing team certainly do not constitute good sportsmanship. You should cheer for your team, not against the opposing team, as these people do. Just the other day in Chicago Mudcat Grant was obliging the fans in left field by signing autographs. He was hit in the face by a rubber ball. He was not injured seriously, but he could have been. This is just one example of how these fans could jeopardize the livelihood of the athletes in order to have a good laugh. A lot of people have been saying that athletes have been ignoring their fans. With these kinds of fans, who can blame them?

DONNA MOWLY

St. Louis

Sirs,

The personalities of Cub bleacherites vary, depending on which section of the bleachers they sit in. The so-called left-field Bleacher Bums are fair-weather fans. The true loyalists who suffered while receiving his sunbathe lying amidst the cozy and sparsely populated surroundings in the pre-Durocher days never saw the uncouth elements now frequenting the noisy left-field stands. They would have spoiled the peacefulness, tranquility and hopefulness of it all. They definitely are from the wrong side of the tracks, bleacherwise.

The rightfielders are too infiltrated with tourists or apathetic salesmen, in shirts and ties yet, who are closest to the Addison-Shellfield exit and who are prone to run for the next El half a block away following the final out.

Contrasted to these groups are those in center field, especially in the last three or four rows of the bottom section, near the men's room. These have the true class and are the most astute fans. Here one can observe the pitches and is literally in a position to take issue with ball and strike decisions. This center-field group suffered through the Berrills, Hobbies, Walls, Wallies, Dentis, Keonoes and the like until Durocher came along.

BON YOUNGERMAN

Decatur, Ga.

Sirs,

As one who became a paying Cub fan as a very small boy and who suffered through 20 straight second-division finishes, I would like to inquire of the Bleacher Bums and the other new breed Cub fans as to where

they were just a few years ago. They certainly weren't in the bleachers or any other part of Wrigley Field.

But a few of us, tortured with defeat and frustration as we were, kept the faith. We knew that someday we would overcome. Finally 1967 dawned, and the years of darkness ended. It is doubtful whether anything—even a world championship for our Cubbies this year—will ever surpass the ecstasy experienced by the faithful that wonderful summer when our boys returned to the first division and respectability.

And then, presto gumbo. An obnoxious, raunchy, baseball-uniformed group of boorish wagon climbers and exhibitionists, the self-proclaimed Bleacher Bums, became the darlings of the press and the Cubs' "loyalest fans." This group, who until a couple of years ago probably thought a bleacher was something one put in an automatic washer, is now the exalted ruler of Clark and Addison Streets.

Do you really want to know who are the best baseball fans in Chicago? They're the handful of loyalists who, without promise of status, still venture out to Comiskey Park to watch the forgotten, forlorn Sox. They're like us of the real Cub faithful.

WILLIAM E. CARMY

Chicago

## QUITTING

Sirs,

After reading *Quitting Is the Name of the Sex Game* (June 30), by Frank Deford, I was tempted to cancel my subscription to *SI* and hold a tearful press conference. However, on second thought I would then be forced to give up my favorite autumn sport—becoming irritated at college football articles by Dan Jenkins.

RICHARD ENGLISH

Elmhurst, Ill.

Sirs,

I wouldn't blame Frank Deford's wife if she really quit on him. It may be all right to pick on Ken Harrelson, Donn Cleidenon or even Joe Arcue, but picking on Mickey Mamle is the worst thing he could do. He's accusing Mickey of timing his retirement just so the Yankees could sell a few season tickets. Don't you think that after 18 years of broken bones, chips and other serious injuries he should retire? Or should he play until, like Lou Gehrig, he dies?

MIKE SHIELDS

Malden, Mass.

## NEEDLES AND PILLS (CONT.)

Sirs,

I generally agree with Bill Gilbert (*Problems in a Turned-on World*, June 23 et seq.),

except for two small points. First of all, Mr. Gilbert says that athletes are "trying to get something from the drug which they do not naturally have." He also says that drugs are used to "alter the body of the user." I believe that drugs are not used to give an athlete what he does not have, but to bring out what he does have.

As a high school runner, I have learned that there is one thing that separates me from what I am doing and what I could be doing—pain. I have done a 4:28 mile, but physically I probably could do around a 4:20 or possibly better. What a drug does is to mask pain so that an athlete can come closer to what he physically can do and make it so he is not limited to what he mentally can do. The object of a race is to push oneself to the point of exhaustion, but, except in a few cases, this is not possible because of mental hang-ups. When the pain becomes too great the mind tells the body to stop, when actually the body is capable of much more. This mental pain barrier is pushed back through the use of drugs, thus bringing an athlete closer to his physical peak.

I do not personally use drugs, for I feel that the long-range effects are bad and they are too much of a risk to offset any temporary advantage, but if a drug is developed in which the adverse effects are negligible, I can see its justification.

JIM LOCHHEAD

San Marino, Calif.

Sirs,

Carelessly read, this article certainly could give a young athlete the impression that using drugs is the thing to do. For mature readers with a set of values, this practice stands out as foolhardy. For the budding high school athlete, eager to make the grade, it is something else again. Mr. Gilbert has done an excellent reporting job. Too bad more stress could not have been placed on the dangers of this practice.

MRS. ROBERT W. OLLAYNE

Ilgon, Ill.

Sirs,

I enjoyed Bill Gilbert's article and found it informative and honest, presenting both sides of the argument. However, his discussion of professional bicycle racing amazes and disgusts me with its incompetence and one-sidedness.

The Tommy Simpson case really enraged me. First, let me say that I'm familiar with his death through other readings, conversations with racing cyclists and Simpson's biography. The way you relate the incident your huge readership would assume his death was 100% due to drugs he took.

continued

# For people who might think the + in GT 6+ is just a gimmick:



Triumph is a registered trademark of the Triumph Motor Company, Limited, Whiteley, Weymouth, Dorset, England. U.S. distributor: American Motors Corporation, 15000 Willow Tree Road, Leominster, N.J. 07036.

10TH HOLE continued

illegally! This is absurd! Let me remind you that this was the rare case of an athlete who was in superb physical condition, under fierce heat and high altitudes (for which he had not trained properly, or, I should say, sufficiently) and with a fanatical will to win. He probably had not enough salt in his body. All of these things, plus the drug that Simpson took, enabled him to reach his physiological limit, and he died. Normally, he would have blacked out. Instead, with all of the contributing factors, one of which was the drug, he killed himself.

Now many readers may assume, as you make out, that all, or a great majority of, bike racers are little better than drug addicts. This at a time when our sport is struggling in the U.S. for professional status amidst a bungling of Olympic cycling coverage on the part of ABC-TV.

WILLIAM M. HARLAN  
Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich.

## ROW, ROW, ROW (CONT.)

Sirs:

I found Mr. Kunen's critique of Columbia and its crew to be both charming and, in several instances, truthful (*Merrily, Merrily*, June 16). It is unfortunate, however, that ex-oarsman Kunen is unable to divorce himself from the bitterness of the apostate who, once having given up a commitment, feels obliged to denigrate it. Although I don't know if Kunen will be able to understand the simplicity of the following statement, I row because I enjoy it. Like the heroes, lightweight crew of Kunen's article, I row for myself, win for myself and lose for myself, not for Columbia University. It is ludicrous to consider a commitment to crew to be an implicit acceptance of racism, reaction or police brutality.

I might conclude by reminding Mr. Kunen that in a very real sense we're all just playing games, whether we be crew jocks or campus revolutionaries.

ROBERT KNOX  
Captain  
1969 Heavyweight Crew  
Liberty, N.Y.

## FALL PRINTING

Sirs:

We certainly appreciate *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* fine excerpt from William Service's *Owl* (June 30). However, I hope your readers won't be confused by the inference in the issue's LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER that the book has already been published by Alfred A. Knopf. It won't be in the bookstores until October.

ASHBEL GREEN  
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.  
New York City

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

**See America first...without leaving home.**

## **BOISE CASCADE**



Pack no suitcase for your next vacation. In fact, don't even leave home. Take it with you—a Boise Cascade travel home.

You'll have experiences so memorable and wondrous they'll become part of you. They'll weld you close to this American earth. Soak into you, where the action is.

You can find this adventure at your local Boise Cascade travel home dealer. He has a wide assortment of Corsair travel trailers for your inspection.

And the superb Lifetime motor home, too. He's a friendly, knowing man—a man who'll be really glad to show you the right travel home for your special needs.

And you can depend on him. After all, he's backed by Boise Cascade—who makes more travel homes than anyone. They give you the famous B-C Warranty and Service from the Atlantic to the

Pacific at any B-C dealer. Take a good close-up look at the Boise Cascade travel homes. Your dealer's in the Yellow Pages, look under "Trailers—Camping & Travel."

Write today. We'll send you the name of your nearest Boise Cascade dealer and a free color catalogue of our complete recreational vehicle line.



**BOISE CASCADE RECREATIONAL PRODUCTS**

61 Perimeter Park East, Atlanta, Georgia 30341

**CORSAIR TRAVEL TRAILERS / LIFETIME MOTOR HOMES**

## When money talks it orders Old Grand-Dad.

The word is out. Money goes for Old Grand-Dad. And why not? The extra cost is more than worth it because with Grand-Dad you'll discover a smoothness that's unmatched by any other Bourbon.

You'll discover a taste that has made Grand-Dad the classic American whiskey. No wonder people talk up Old Grand-Dad. It's the head of the Bourbon family. And it speaks your language.

Kentucky straight bourbon whiskeys.  
86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond.  
Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.